







THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME III



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Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward
Rose-covered chancel door, Snitterfield Church



THE
PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
ESTHER WOOD

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME III

TITUS ANDRONICUS

SONNETS

POEMS

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1904

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INTRODUCTION

III { TITUS ANDRONICUS SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS

SHAKESPEARE made his first fame as a poet. Whatever the immediate success of his early comedies, and the trilogy of *Henry VI.*, on the London stage, their production seems to have been anonymous; and any reputation he may have had before 1593 was rather as an actor than as a dramatist. The personal renown of his fore-runners—Elizabethan actor-playwrights in general, Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe in particular—was hardly such as to commend his occupation to polite society. There may have been a righteous repugnance to much of the life lived round those early theatres beneath what seems the affected modesty of *Sonnet CXI.*:

“O for my sake! do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed!”

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We may believe that Shakespeare's nature was far from being subdued to the grosser colours of his environments; but, in 1593, he was still the "poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage." He had yet to be welcomed to the Elizabethan court as a man of letters.

Titus Andronicus is now generally held to be an instance of Shakespeare's collaboration with other dramatists, or of his revision of existing plays found in the playhouse or put into his hands. It belongs to the school of "horrific" drama, and combines the crude realism of Kyd and Marlowe with the most unnatural crimes of classic fable. Throughout the work, we can trace continually the redeeming and illuminating touch of Shakespeare; a wholesome breath, as of the saner imagination, is wafted over the miasma of lust and cruelty. The natural-history allusions are surely his, and the character of the boy, Lucius, stands out in refined colours against a lurid background, foreshadowing the Arthur of *King John* and the two young princes of *Richard III.* The drama seems to have been based on a piece called *Titus and Vespasian*, which Lord Strange's men played in 1592, though this is only to be traced in a German version acted by English players abroad. It strongly resembles *The Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd in subject, treatment, and vocabulary; having the same motive—a father's revenge—and many parallels of incident and dialogue. Similar points of likeness, however, will be found in many other plays of Shakespeare; and, if he founded *Titus Andronicus* on an earlier version by Kyd, it seems unlikely that he would have done so in Kyd's

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lifetime. The more tenable theory is that he was here adapting and reconstructing the work of Marlowe, Peel, or Nash. The play was acted by Sussex's men in 1593-4, and subsequently by Lord Strange's company and Pembroke's also.

In June, 1592, the increase of the plague in London put an abrupt end to the theatrical season, and Lord Strange's company was temporarily broken up. This gave Shakespeare the leisure to devote himself to poetry. One friend he already had in the city when he came to it from his native town in the preceding decade—Richard Field, the printer, also a native of Stratford-upon-Avon. The two now became associated as author and publisher. Both had been made free of the Stationers Company in 1587. In 1593, Field took out a license to publish *Venus and Adonis*, a metrical version of a classic love-story, with Shakespeare's full name, not on the title-page, but attached to a somewhat timid but flattering dedication to Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton—a patron, and presently friend, destined to a profound and intimate sway over the poet's life. No aspect of that life has been the subject of more perplexity and controversy among the critics than the problem of Shakespeare's relations with his patron, and with the nameless lady who is afterwards associated in the *Sonnets* both with patron and poet. The identity of the lady will probably be Shakespeare's secret to the end. But, after years of investigation, speculation, and the propounding of many theories more or less wide of the mark, the patient scholarship of

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Mr. Sidney Lee and others has now established beyond reasonable doubt the identity of the Earl of Southampton as the main inspirer of the *Sonnets*, and the object of the dedication of Shakespeare's early poems.

The title-page of *Venus and Adonis* bears a motto from Ovid's *Amores* or *Elegies of Love*; a work translated by Marlowe in 1589, not published till 1597, but no doubt accessible to Shakespeare in manuscript form. The poem, in subject and metre, resembles one by a contemporary, Lodge; but the influence of Ovid, who told the story in his *Metamorphoses*, is certainly strong. Both in this and his next poem, *Lucrece*, Shakespeare seems to have been writing largely for the joy of exercise in metre. As in his early comedies, we discover him, as before a mirror, practising the mannerisms of the Euphuistic school, half in jest, half in earnest; permitting himself all exuberance of composition, but, at the same time, testing, selecting, and extending his word-stock—filling his note-books, as it were, with finished studies of detail, in preparation for their use in later pictures. To us, both poems seem tedious by reason of their lack of any real and vitalising subject-matter. But, for all its genius of invention and experiment, it was an age of "style for style's sake," and the young Shakespeare, not ill-pleased with these "first heirs" of his poetic labour, met with a quick and popular success. The second poem, entered in the Stationers' Register for May 9, 1594, as "A Booke intituled the Ravysheiment of Lucrece," was printed by Richard Field and published by John Harrison at the sign of the White Greyhound

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in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is, in every way, more mature and serious than its predecessor, and the passage on the destroying power of Time has been singled out as touching a higher vein of thought and feeling than Shakespeare had hitherto attempted. The story originates with Ovid, but Chaucer had already retold it in his *Legend of Good Women*, and there was no lack of contemporary parallels. Samuel Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), in seven-line stanzas, was even more like *Lucrece* than Lodge's *Scilla*, with its six-line form, was like the *Venus and Adonis*. Mr. Sidney Lee has also noticed some curious parallels in isolated passages with lines and images in poets further afield. The passage on Time, above referred to—transfused with dignity by Shakespeare's hand—appears in an inferior form in Watson's *Passionate Century of Love*, which, in its turn, was taken from *Serafino*; and the description of chasing a hare in *Venus and Adonis* seems suggested by Estienne Jodelle's *Ode de la Chasse Oeuvres et Meslanges Poétiques*, of 1574. These parallels, which need in no sense be called plagiarisms, bear witness, not to any poverty of invention on Shakespeare's part, but to the extraordinary range of his reading in an age when there were no circulating libraries and very few printed books. They also point to his having access to some of the best of private libraries within a few years of coming friendless to London, and probably, having won his way, in that short time, to the heart of that brilliant literary circle at Elizabeth's court, in which Southampton was the coveted patron, the social idol, and the darling of the hour.

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The fashion of writing sonnets, or sonnet cycles, to personal friends or famous men and women, was common throughout the sixteenth century in Italy and France. The appearance of Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* in 1591 gave the impetus in England to a similar cult, and, during that decade, an immense number of sonnets appeared, every poetaster modelling himself upon the manner of Petrarch to his Laura, which had set, for all time, the seal of beauty upon the sonnet form. Shakespeare had already tried his hand, in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet* (two choruses), upon this most exacting and fascinating metre,—then, as to-day, the crux of mastership, the merciless betrayer of the literary amateur. Outside his plays (which include another example—the letter of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*), Shakespeare wrote altogether one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, the bulk of which seem to belong to this period. For a time, at least, he passed from the atmosphere of the theatre to that of literary coteries and court intrigues. By the end of 1594, his published poems, and the increasing favour of Lord Southampton, had made his reputation as a writer; and at Southampton House, with its grounds covering the east side of what is now Chancery Lane, he must have been a frequent guest. At Christmas of that year, on St. Stephen's and Innocents' days, he was summoned to act at Greenwich Palace before the queen in “two comedies or interludes” (names not given) in company with Richard Burbage, the chief tragedian, and William Kemp, the chief comedian, of his own band of players.

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Since no further light is likely to be thrown by contemporary records upon the episode of the *Sonnets*, and since English criticism has already erred rather on the side of impertinence regarding what it takes to be Shakespeare's deepest and most tragic experience of love, it may be well to seek no fuller interpretation than what the poems themselves suggest of events which the writer so carefully concealed behind them. Briefly, the key to the story is supplied by *Sonnet CXLIV*.:—

“Two loves I had of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.”

The woman, loving and beloved by the poet, is wooed by the poet's friend, and presently transfers her affections to him. The sonnets lament the breaking of this double troth, and show us the poet torn between his love for the woman and his loyalty to his friend: the sequence ends on a note of resignation as to the rival's success, but of hopeless love for the woman. It should be borne in mind, however, that the Elizabethan sonnet was a highly artificial thing, and became in the hands of most sonneteers little more than a vehicle of affected sentiment and fulsome flattery. Even Sir Philip Sidney admits this in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595; and the habit of extravagant address was certainly fostered by a queen consumed by an inordinate and ever-growing passion of vanity. Shakespeare himself, usually sparing of his compliments to the Throne, so far acted the

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laureate after her death as to allude in *Sonnet CVII.* to the eclipse of the moon—"the moon," or "Cynthia," being the Queen's poetic appellation. On the other hand, we must not take the lamentations and upbraidings of the *Sonnets* any more literally than the flattery; for, as Mr. Lee has pointed out, "the monotonous and artificial regularity with which the sonneteers sounded the vituperative stop whenever they had exhausted their notes of adulation excited ridicule both in England and France." The temper of Shakespeare was essentially dramatic, and he was handling the common themes of Renaissance poetry. Many of the images and forms of expression he uses were in fact familiar phrases throughout Europe—such, for instance, as the term "lovers" as applied between men ("Friends, countrymen, and *lovers*"), and the idea of the friend, dying, being made immortal in the poetry of the survivor. But, after we have allowed for the dramatic element in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, and for his free use of the literary poses and affectations of the period, there still remains a residue of sincere emotion, which alone could yield that echo of real and poignant experience that we catch from time to time behind the mask. The poet's description of the woman he loves, as having enslaved not only himself but his "next self," his friend, and being estranged from him because of that friend's fascinations, has no parallel in Elizabethan sonnet-literature.

Comparisons will naturally arise between Shakespeare's work in the sonnet form and that of his contemporaries. Michael Drayton, among these,

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perhaps approaches him most nearly. In the full tide of literary life in London, Shakespeare would be very likely to see Drayton's poems in manuscript, as well as those of Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Markham, Nash, and many more. Sidney's sonnet on "desire" has been aptly compared with that of Shakespeare on "lust"—"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame" (cxxxix.). There have been many guesses as to which, if any, of this group of poets is the subject of Shakespeare's allusion to a rival in literature, as well as in love, who threatens to usurp the favour of his lord. Mr. Lee considers that internal evidence—especially Shakespeare's description of his rival's work (lxxix—lxxxvi)—points to a young man of the unpromising name of Barnabe Barnes. The rhyme-plan chiefly followed by Shakespeare, and forming what is known to students as the "Shakespearean," in contrast with the strictly "Petrarchian" sonnet, was already well established in England, as we may know by George Gascoigne's *Cerlayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or rhyme in English*, published in 1575. The main distinction of the "Shakespearean" sonnet is that it ends on a rhymed couplet following on three quatrains, while the "Petrarchian" form divides itself into "octet" and "sextet"; the first eight lines having a play upon two or four rhymes and the last six lines a play upon three.

Modern analysis of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* has generally marked Nos. i. to cxxvi. as being addressed to a man, and Nos. cxxvii. to cliv. to a woman; but the two groups cannot be clearly

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divided, for some might be applied to either object, and many are addressed to no one in particular, or to abstractions such as Death, Time, or Love. Neither group has any vital cohesion, and both have all the variety of a poet's moods. We have no clue to the order in which they were written, for the whole collection, as Mr. Lee says, "was put together at haphazard and published surreptitiously many years after." Again, when they were re-issued, in 1640, their order was entirely changed. Only two of the sonnets, however, can be certainly dated later than 1594; No. cvii. refers clearly to the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James; and implicitly to the release of Southampton from prison (April 10, 1603). At least twenty sonnets at the beginning of the series may be taken as dedicatory to him. The claims of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to be considered Shakespeare's patron and his rival in the woman's love, have been upheld by a considerable school of critics, but are fully disproved by the latest scholarship. Pembroke was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and doubtless a rival to Southampton in popularity and charm; but there is no evidence that he was, at any time, a personal friend or patron of Shakespeare. Fifteen authentic portraits bear witness to the singular beauty and fascination of the young Southampton, who was scarcely of age when his friendship with Shakespeare began. The best of these are preserved at Welbeck Abbey, and show him in youth, with his delicate, fair complexion and long auburn hair. His likeness to his mother is emphasised in *Sonnet III.*—

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“Thou art thy mother’s glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.”

He was the typical Renaissance lord, taking his pleasure in the arts, his pastime in fine emotions, not too deep; lavish of gifts, and asking of his favourites only that they should immortalise his name and his culture in talents which he envied, but might not share.

The early poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—dedicated to the same patron—were his only works published with Shakespeare’s knowledge and consent, and in his lifetime passed through more editions than any of his plays. *Venus and Adonis* went into seven editions between 1594 and 1602, and *Lucrece* into five in twenty years. There was only one contemporary edition of the *Sonnets*, and this, quite unauthorised and with certain spurious additions, was published in 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, who prefaced the volume with an introduction couched in the most bombastic phrases of the day. An examination into the customs then prevailing in the publishing trade seems to prove that the “Mr. W. H.,” who is here grandiloquently mentioned, was none other than a stationer’s assistant, William Hall, a collector of promising manuscripts in an age when authors had no rights in their work. It was usual to denote humble and obscure people by their initials, which would be recognised by personal friends; and thus by a cryptic reading of “William Hall” as “William Herbert”—the “onlie begetter,” or rather the smart “pirater,” of these sonnets, arose the “Pembroke” theory already alluded to.

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After the appearance of his early poems, Shakespeare seems to have taken little or no trouble either to publish or safeguard his work. As his fame grew, literary piracies and forgeries naturally became more common. The most remarkable of these was a volume entitled "*The Passionate Pilgrim*, by W. Shakespeare," published by William Jaggard in 1599. This, doubtless, was to take advantage of the tribute paid to Shakespeare in the preceding years by Francis Meres, a Cambridge graduate, parson, and schoolmaster, who, in his survey of English literature, had named Shakespeare as the greatest man of letters in that day. The poet's reputation thus had a high commercial value in the publishing world, and adventurers of the Jaggard type traded upon it to the utmost throughout the seventeenth century, attributing to him both plays and poems not his own. The volume in question opened with two sonnets actually by Shakespeare, followed by his sonnets from *Love's Labour's Lost*; but the remainder of the twenty poems were by Richard Barnfield and other men. In 1612, the collection went into a third edition, which included two new poems by another hand. There is no evidence to show how much, if any, of *A Lover's Complaint*, attached by Thorpe to the *Sonnets* volume, was written by Shakespeare, and here, as in the more doubtful plays—*Titus Andronicus*, *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *Henry VIII.*—we cannot say with certainty what genuine fragments may survive, or be inextricably mixed with the work of others.

As in his attitude to Euphuism, so in his use of the current mode of sonneteering, Shakespeare was

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able to make dainty ridicule of the extravagances to which the fashion had led. Instances from the plays might be freely quoted; but the most familiar are Mercutio's taunt of Romeo (Act II., Sc. 4)—

“Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed
in;
Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench,”

the testimony of Claudio as to the love of Beatrice and Benedick (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V., Sc. 4)—

“And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice,”

and the Dauphin's glowing account of his palfrey (*Henry V.*, Act III., Sc. 7)—

“I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and it began: ‘Wonder of nature’ . . . I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.”

But, during his lifetime, as we have said, Shakespeare's fame as a poet eclipsed his dramatic power. The reaction came a century later; when, after the Restoration, the *Sonnets* were contemptuously swept aside. That they were widely circulated in manuscript for years before their publication is evident from contemporary records, which show that Shakespeare was not without honour in his own age and land. Praise of his “sugred sonnets” is given by that same Meres who acclaimed him chief in 1598. One minor poet,

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William Clerke, calls him "sweet Shakespeare"; another, "sweet Master Shakespeare"; another still, "honey-tongued Shakespeare"; and all these found echo in the next generation in Milton's line on "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child." In 1600, in Thomas Hearne's *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, Shakespeare is put above Chaucer and Spenser, at the head of English poets. Spenser himself seems to have alluded to him, under the name of "Aetion," in *Colin Clout's Come Home*:—

"And there though last not least is Aetion;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound."

Ben Jonson, his friend for a quarter of a century, surviving him, wrote:—"I loved the man, and do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions." More tender still is his dedication of his verses "to the memory of my beloved master, William Shakespeare," whom he calls "sweet Swan of Avon, thou Star of Poets."

ESTHER WOOD.

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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia..*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
 QUINTUS, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
 MARTIUS,
 MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus the Tribune.*

SEMPRONIUS, }
 CAIUS, } *kinsmen to Titus.*
 VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS, }
 DEMETRIUS, } *sons to Tamora.*
 CHIRON, }

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
 Goths and Romans.

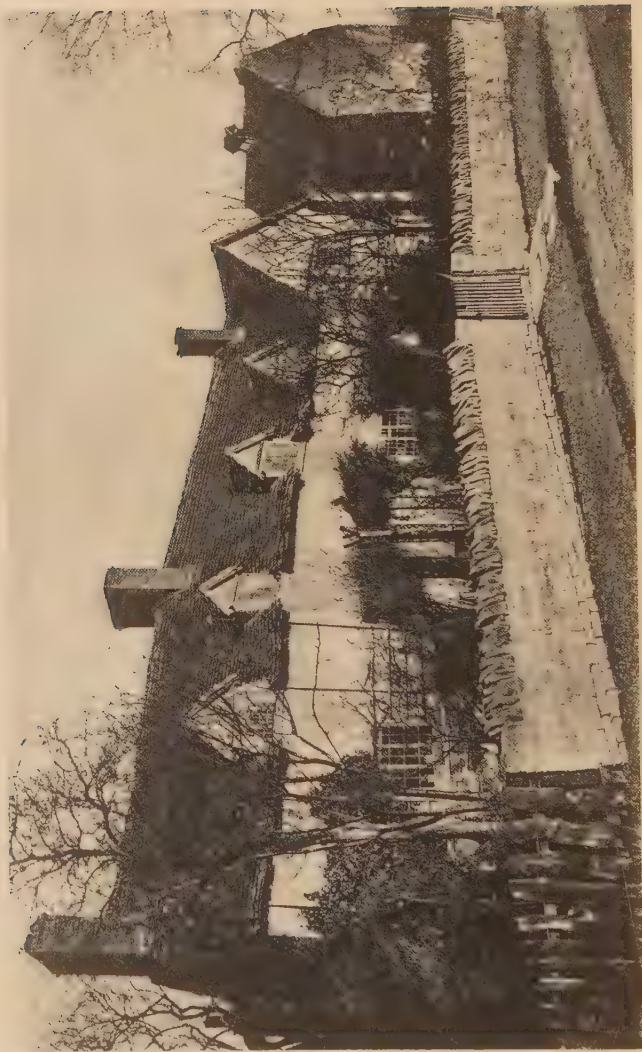
TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*]



The early home of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, at Wilmcote, near Stratford-on-Avon. The house and farm were owned by her father, Robert Arden, and left to her in his will

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.*]

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then | enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, | and Bassianus and his Followers at the | other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords. 10
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,

11. *I was the: I am his—Qq.*

15-16. 1 l.—Qq.

Favourers of my Right:
 If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Sonne,
 Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
 Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
 And suffer not Dishonour to approach 20
 Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
 To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:
 But let Desert in pure Election shine;
 And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends,
 Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
 Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
 A speciall Party, have by Common voyce
 In Election for the Romane Emperie, 30
 Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome.
 A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
 Lives not this day within the City Walles.
 He by the Senate is accited¹ home ^{1 summoned}
 From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
 That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
 Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Armes.
 Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
 This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes 40
 Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
 In Coffins from the Field.
 And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
 Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,

21. Seate to Vertue: consecrate: Seat, to virtue consecrate-
 2Rowe.

31. Pious: Pius-2-4F.

Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
 Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
 Whom (worthily) you would have now succede,
 And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
 Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, 50
 That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
 Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
 Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
 To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie¹ ¹ confide
 In thy uprightness and Integrity:
 And so I Love and Honor thee, and thine,
 Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
 And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) 60
 Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
 That I will heere dismiss my loving Friends:
 And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
 Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours [the Followers of Bassianus].

Saturnine. Friends, that have beene
 Thus forward in my Right,
 I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
 And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
 Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause: 70

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kinde to thee.
 Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. *They go up into the Senat house.*

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
 Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
 Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
 With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, 80
 From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
 And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of
 Titus | Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin
 covered | with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After
 them, Titus | Andronicus, and then Tamora the
 Queene of Gothes, & | her two Sonnes Chiron and
 Demetrius, with [Alarbus,] Aaron the | Moore, and
 others, as many as can bee: They set downe the | Coffin,
 and Titus speakes. |*

Andronicus. Haile Rome: 90
 Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:
 Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,¹
 Returnes with precious lading to the Bay, ¹*freight*
 From whence at first she wegh'd her Anchorage:
 Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
 To resalute his Country with his teares,
 Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
 Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes, 100
 Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
 Behold the poore remaines alive and dead!
 These that Survine, let Rome reward with Love:
 These that I bring unto their latest home,

90-1. 1 l.-Qq.

92. *bis*: her-4F.

94. *weghb'd*: weigh'd-3-4F.

103. *Survine*: survive-2-4F.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[I. i. 84-113

With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
 Heere Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
 Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
 Make way to lay them by their Bretheren. 110

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 O sacred receptacle of my joyes,
 Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
 How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
 That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh: 120

Before this earthly prison of their bones,
 That so the shadowes be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives,
 The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Lvm. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
 A Mothers teares in passion¹ for her sonne: ¹ *suffering*
 And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
 Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee. 130

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
 To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
 Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
 But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
 For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?

115. *Noblitie*: nobility-2-4F.

116. *hast thou in*: hast thou of mine in-1Q.

120. *manus*: manes-3-4F.

121. *earthly*: earthy-QQ.

126. *Lvm.*: misprint 1F. only.

130. *sonnes*: son-QQ.

O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
 Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
 Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
 Draw neere them then in being mercifull. 140
 Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
 Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient¹ your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
 These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
 Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
 Religiously they aske a sacrifice: ¹ quiet
 To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
 T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
 And with our Swords upon a pile of wood, 150
 Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive,
 To tremble under *Titus* threatning lookes,
 Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,
 The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
 With opportunitie of sharpe revenge 160
 Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
 May favour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
 (When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

144. *the*: their—Qq. 155. *me*: not—Qq. 157. *lookes*: look—Qq.

*Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe
[with their swords bloody].*

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren, 170
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no envie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe, 181
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand, 190
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd

167. *rightes: rites*—2-4F.

191. *Fortune: fortunes*—Q9

192-3. 1 l.—Q2.

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
 And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

[*Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-
 enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.*]

Marc. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
 Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
 Noble brother *Marcus*. 200

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
 You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:
 Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
 That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
 But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
 That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
 And Triumphs over chaunce in honours bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever bene,
 Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust, 210
 This Palliament¹ of white and spotlesse Hue, ^{1 robe}
 And name thee in Election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
 Be *Candidatus*² then, and put it on, ^{2 candidate}
 And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
 Then his that shakes for age and feeblennesse:
 What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
 Be chosen with proclamations to day,
 To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life, 220
 And set abroad new businesse for you all.
 Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,

199-200. 1 l.-Qq. 203. all: out-Qq. 218. d'on: don-1Q.

And led my Countries strength successefully,
 And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
 Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
 In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:

Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 But not a Scepter to controule the world,

Upright he held it Lords, that held it last. 229

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
 Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
 Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
 That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee 240
 The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bass. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
 But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
 My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
 I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
 Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
 I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
 Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*, 250
 And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
 That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,

Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
 Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
 And ripen Justice in this Common-weale:
 Then if you will elect by my advise,
 Crowne him, and say: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and Plebeans we Create 261

Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
 And say, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
 To us in our Election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
 And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
 And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
 Thy Name, and Honorable Familie, 270

Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
 Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
 And in the Sacred *Patban* her espouse:
 Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
 I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
 And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
 King and Commander of our Common-weale,
 The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
 My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisonerss, 280
 Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
 Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
 Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
 Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now Madam are your prisoner
to an Emperour, |
To him that for you Honour and your State, 290
Will use you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere up Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, 300
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*]

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolv'd withall, 310
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romane Justice,
This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* live.

289. *your: you*—Qq. 2-4F.

293. *a new: anew*—Rowe.

301. *your: you*—Qq. 3F.

290. *you: your*—Qq. 2-4F.

295-6. 1 l.—Qq. 3-4F.

312. *cuiquam: cuique*—2-4F.

Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guard?
 Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
 Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Muti. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away, 320
 And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron go out and re-enter, above. Re-enter Lucius.*]

Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more then so,
 In wrongfull quarrell, you have slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
 My sonnes would never so dishonour me.

Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour. 330

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 That is anothers lawfull promist Love. [Exit.]

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
 Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
 Thee never; nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
 Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

323-5. 2 ll. ending boy, help—POPE.

Was none in Rome to make a stale¹ ¹ *laughing* 340

But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,

That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece,

To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:

A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enjoy:

One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To ruffle² in the Common-wealth of Rome. ² *swagger*

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,

That like the stately *Thebe* mong'st her Nymphs 352

Dost over-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,

Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,

And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Goths dost thou appiaue my choyse?

And heere I swear by all the Romaine Gods,

Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,

And Tapers burne so bright, and every thing 360

In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,

Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,

I leade espous'd my Bride along with me,

Tamo. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I swear.

If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of Gothes,

Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,

A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,

Panthean Lords, accompany

370

340. *Was none in:* Was there none else in-2-4F.

352. *Thebe:* Phœbe-2-4F.

369. *Queene:* Queen-2-4F.

360-70. 1 l.-20. 370. *Panthean Lords:* Pantheon. Lords-Pope.

Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes [but Titus].

Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done! 380
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family, '
Unworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let us give him buriall as becomes:
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edified: 390
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne [Quintus] speakes. 400

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

389. *hundreth*: hundred-3-4F. 401. *vouch'd*: vouch-QQ.4F.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Even thou hast stroke upon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. *Sonne.* [*Mart.*] He is not himselfe, let us withdraw.

2. *Sonne.* [*Quin.*] Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele. 411

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of us all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous: 420

The Greekes upon advise did bury *Ajax*

That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe. 430

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy
friends |

405. stroke: struck-3-4F.

409. not himselfe: not with himself-QQ. 410. tell: till-3-4F.

422. And *Laertes*: And wise *Laertes*-QQ.

Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell, 440
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the
Moore | at one doore. Enter at the other doore
Bassianus and | Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leave. 451

Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with us,
But if we live, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I have done as best I may, 460
Answered I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your Grace to know,

436. sudden: dreary (dririe-Qq.)—POPE. 454. cease: seize—3F.

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
 In zeale to you, and highly mov'd to wrath.
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*, 470
 That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonoured me,
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if ever *Tamora*,
 Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
 Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
 And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past. 480

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
 The Gods of Rome for-fend,¹ ¹*forbid*
 I should be Authour to dishonour you.
 But on mine honour dare, I undertake
 For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
 Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
 Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
 Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose, 490
 Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
 My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
 Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
 You are but newly planted in your Throne,

483-4. 1 l.—Qq.

486. *dare*, I: comma out—3-4F.

Least then the people, and Patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take *Titus* part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
 Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
 Ile finde a day to massacre them all, 500.
 And race their faction, and their familie,
 The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
 To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
 And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
 Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
 Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
 Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. [*Satu.*] Rise *Titus*, rise,

My Empresse hath prevail'd. 510

Titus. I thanke your Majestie,
 And her my Lord.

These words, these lookes,
 Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily.
 And must advise the Emperour for his good,
 This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. 520
 For you Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperour,
 That you will be more milde and tractable.
 And feare not Lords:
 And you *Lavinia*,

497. *us*: you-1Q.

501. *race*: raze-3-4F.

509-14. 3 ll. ending prevail'd, lord, me-QQ.

524-5. 1 l.-QQ.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[I. i. 472-495]

By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Majestie.

Son. We doe,

And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might, 530
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus,

For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats, 540

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.

Stand up: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,

I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.

Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,

You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:

This day shall be a Love-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Majestie,

To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,

With horne and Hound, 550

Weele give your Grace *Bon jour*. ¹ many thanks

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy¹ to. *Exeunt.*

534-5. 1 l.-Qq.

538-9. 1 l.-Qq.

539. *brothers*: *brother's*-Rowe.

542. *Stand up*: separate l.-Capell.

543. *sware*: *swore*-Qq.

548. *and*: *an*-Theobald.

550-1. 1 l.-Qq.

552. *to*: *too*-2-4F.

Actus Secunda.[Scene i. *Rome. Before the palace.*]*Flourish.**Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
 Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
 Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
 Advanc'd about pale envies threatning reach:
 As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
 And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
 Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistening Coach,
 And over-lookes the highest piercing hills: 10
 So *Tamora*.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
 And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
 Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
 And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
 Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.

Away with slavish weedes, and idle thoughts, 20
 I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
 To waite upon this new made Empresse.
 To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
 This Goddess, this *Semerimis*, this Queene,
 This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
 Hollo, what storme is this?

6. *about*: above—2-4F.10. *piering*: peering—THEOBALD.16. *tiumpb*: triumph—QQ. 2-4F.20. *idle*: servile—1Q.24. *Queene*: nymph—1Q.26. *Common weales*: commonweal's—POPE.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd, 30
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st over-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my Mistris grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* love. 39

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunsing Rapier¹ by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: have your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so brave? *They drawe.*

Aron. [*Coming forward*] Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw, 50
¹ *ornamental sword*

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote,² the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold, ² *know*
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put up.

29. *wants: want*-2-4F.

42. *daunsing: dancing*-3-4F.

Deme. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere. 61

Cbi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will undoo us all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right? 70
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Justice, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
Cbi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise, 80
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this devise.

Cbi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,

63-4. 1 l.-QQ.

70. set: jet-QQ.

76. discord: discord's-4F.

86-8. 2 ll. ending deaths, love-HANMER.

68. pretty: petty-QQ. 4F.

75. and: an-CAPELL.

79-80. 1 l.-QQ.

To atchieve her whom I do love.

Aron. To atcheive her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange? 90

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,

Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,

Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lov'd.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill

Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is

Of a cut loafe to steale a shive¹ we know: ¹*slice*

Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,

Better then he have worne *Vulcans* badge.

Aron, [*Aside*] I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
court it | 100

With words, faire lookes, and liberality:

What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,

And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serve your turnes.

Cbi. I so the turne were served.

Deme. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo: 109

Why harke yee, harke yee, aud are you such fooles,

To square² for this? Would it offend you then?

[That both should speede.] ²*quarrel*

Cbi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & joyne for that you jar:

'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe

That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would atcheive,

99. *Saturnius*: *Saturninus*-1Q.2-4F.

110. *aud*: and-2-4F.

111-12. bracketed l.-2Q.

You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* love, 120
 A speedier course this lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
 My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
 There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
 The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kinde¹ for rape and villanie: ^{1 nature}
 Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way or not at all, stand you in hope. 130
 Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
 To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our engines with advise,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes height advance you both.
 The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
 The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes.
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
 And revell in *Lavinia's* Treasurie. 142
Cbi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
Deme. *Sy fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
 To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

121. *this*: than—Rowe.144. *Sy fas*: Sit fas—QQ. *streames*: stream—QQ.145. *their*: these—1Q.146. *Stigia*: Stygia—4F.

[Scene ii. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of bounds heard.*]

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse | with bounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragranr, and the Woods are greene,
Uncouple heere, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully: 10
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

*Heere a cry of boundes, and winde hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron,
De- | metrius, and their Attendants.*

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you have rung it lustily my Lords, 20
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:

I have bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport: [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall
ye see, |

4. *fragranr*: fragrant—Qq. 2-4F.

24. *bene awake*: been broad awake—Qq.

Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Pomontary top. 30

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A lonely part of the forest.*]

Enter Aaron alone. [With a bag of gold.]

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest. 10

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My lovely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweete shade, *Aaron* let us sit,

30. *Pomontary*: Promontory—Qq. 2-4F.

32. *runnes likes*: run like—3-4F.

12-13. 1 l.—Qq.

And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds, 20
 Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
 And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Cave,
 We may each wreathed in the others armes,
 (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
 Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
 Be unto us, as is a Nurses Song 31
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,

Though *Venus* governe your desires,
 Saturne is Dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
 My fleece of Woolly haire, that now uncurls,
 Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle
 To do some fatall execution? 40
 No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head.
 Harke *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
 Which never hopes more heaven, then rests in thee,
 This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
 Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee, 50
 And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,

Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
 Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great *Empresse*, *Bassianus* comes,
 Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes 59
 To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be. [*Exit.*]

Bassi. Whom have we heere?
 Romes Royall *Empresse*,
 Unfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
 To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our private steps:
 Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
 Thy Temples should be planted presently.
 With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds 70
 Should drive upon his new transformed limbes,
 Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lavi. Under your patience gentle *Empresse*,
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
 And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
 'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassi. Beleeve me *Queene*, your swarth *Cymerion*,
 Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue, 80
 Spotted, detested, and abhominable.

56-7. 1 l.-Qq.

61-2. 1 l.-Qq.

71. bis: thy-1Q.

60. quarrell: quarrels-1Q. 3-4F.

63. our: her-1Q.

67. our: my-1Q.

79. *Cymerion*: *Cimmerian*-THEOBALD.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
 Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
 And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
 If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
 For Saucinesse, I pray you let us hence,
 And let her joy her Raven coloured love, 90
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lavi. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
 Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Sovereigne
 And our gracious Mother,
 Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Tamo. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
 These two have tic'd me hither to this place, 101
 A barren, detested vale you see it is.
 The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
 Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
 Heere never shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
 Unlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Raven: ¹*bedgechogs*
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me heere at dead time of the night,
 A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes, 109
 Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Urchins,¹
 Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

85. *Accompanied with:* Accompanied but with-1Q.

92. *notice:* note-POPE.

95. *I have:* have I-2-4F.

97-8. 1 l.-Q2.

As any mortall body hearing it,
 Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
 Unto the body of a dismall yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
 That ever eare did heare to such effect. 120
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
 Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. *stab him.*

Cbi. And this for me,
 Strook home to shew my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

Lavi. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.
 For no name fits thy nature but thy owne. 129

Tam. Give me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
 Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
 First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
 This Minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
 And with that painted hope, braves your Mightinesse,
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Cbi. And if she doe,
 I would I were an Eunuch,
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, 140
 And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

126-7. 1 l.-Qq.

128. *I come: Ay, come*-HANMER.

138. *And: An*-HANMER.

138-9. 1 l.-Qq.

141. *Trunke-Pillow: trunk pillow*-4F.

Tamo. But when ye have the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-live us both to sting.

Cbir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lavi. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavi. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory 150
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lavi. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,

[*To Cbiron*]

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.

Cbiron. What,

Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard? 160

Lavi. 'Tis true,

The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mov'd with pitty, did indure
To have his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull. 169

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slaine thee:

142. *we*: ye-2-4F.
159-60. 1 l.-Qq.

155. *suck'st*: suck'dst-2Rowe.
161-2. 1 l.-Qq.

Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.

Even for his sake am I pittillesse:

Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,

To save your brother from the sacrifice,

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me. 180

Lavi. Oh *Tamora*,

Be call'd a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,

For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long,

Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?

Lavi. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, 190

Where never mans eye may behold my body,

Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,

For thou hast staid us heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace,

No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our generall name,

Confusion fall——

200

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth

Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him.

181-2. 1 l.-Qq.

195-6. 1 l.-Qq.

197. *Garace*: *grace*-Qq. 2-4F.

197-8. 1 l.-Qq.

201-2. 1 l.-Qq.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit;
then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*]

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make hersure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes [Quintus and Martius].

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit. 211
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What art thou fallen?

What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers, 220
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st object [hurt,]
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the King to finde
them heere, |

That he thereby may have a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

216-17. 1 l.-Q^Q.

223-4. 1 l.-Q^Q.

220. *mornings*: morning-1 Q. 4 F.

224. bracketed word-1 Q.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole? 231

Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold 240
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument, 250
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good, 260
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,

238-9. 1 l.—QQ. 245. *tbe*: a—QQ. 251. *earthly*: *earthly*—1Q.
258. *Ocitus*: *Cocytus*'—4F.

Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* grave:

I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Boths fall in. |

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it. 270
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The unhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, heere have we found him dead. 281

*Enter Tamora, [with Attendants,] Andronicus, and
Lucius.* |

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. [*Sat.*] Heere *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grieffe. |

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound, |

Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.

267. *Boths*: Both-3-4F.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this
 fatall writ, | ¹plotted scheme
 The complot¹ of this timelesse² Tragedie, ²untimely
 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, 290
 In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him hansomely,
 Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
 Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,
 Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
 Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
 Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit:
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss 300
 Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
 This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
 Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
 That should have murthered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelpes, tell Curs of
 bloody kind |
 Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
 Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison,
 There let them bide untill we have devis'd 310
 Some never heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
 Oh wondrous thing!
 How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,

294. *And: An*-HANMER. 300. *Bassianuss: Bassianus*-2-4F.
 311. *tortering: torturing*-4F. 312-13. 1 l.-20.

I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them.

King. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you? 320

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it up.

Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at yout Highnes will,
To answe're their suspition with their lives.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end upon them should be executed. 331

Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the forest.*]

*Enter the Emperesse Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut
off and | her tongue cut out, and ravisht.*

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and ravisht thee.

Cbi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.

318. *faults:* *fault*-THEOBALD.

322-3. 1 l.-QQ.

324. *Fathers:* *father's*-DELIUS. *reverent:* *reverend*-4F.

325. *yout:* *your*-2-4F.

334-5. 1 l.-QQ.

3. *and:* *an*-THEOBALD.

6. *And:* *An*-CAPELL.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leave her to her silent walkes. 11

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt [Demetrius and Chiron].

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, 20

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne ungentle hands

Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments

Whose circkling shadowes, Kings have sought to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy Love: Why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a Crimson river of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips, 30

Comming and going with thy hony breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,

And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

7. *scowle*: scrowl—1Q.

8-9. 11.—Q2.

12. *And*: An—CAPELL. *cause*: cask—POPE.

23. *Hath*: Have—2ROWE.

27. *halfe*: have—THEOBALD.

33. *them*: him—ROWE.

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
 Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
 Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so;
 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast 40
 That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an Oven stopt,
 Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
 Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
 But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sowed then *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands, 50
 Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then have toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made:
 He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
 For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
 One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades, 60
 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

36. *their*: three—HANMER.47. *witball*: out—Qq.45, 49. *sowed*: sew'd—POPE.57. *Poets*: poet's—Rowe.

Actus Tertius.[Scene i. *Rome. A street.*]

Enter the Judges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, | passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going | before pleading.

Ti. Heare me grave fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see, 10
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
 For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

*Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by him
 [and exeunt].*

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite. 19
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 In summers drougt: Ile drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,

13. *is: are*—2-4F.

17. *these, Tribunes: these, these tribunes*—2-4F.

21. *be friend: befriend*—Qq. 3-4F. 22. *ruines: urns*—HANMER.

And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Unbinde my sonnes, reverse the doome of death, 30
And let me say (that never wept before)
My teares are now prevaing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare 40
They would not pitty me. [yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse unto them.]

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in grave weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft waxe, 50
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

26. *eternall*: eternal—Qq. 2-4F. 29. *reverent*: reverend—3-4F

34. *beare not*: hear you not—Qq. 2-4F.

40. *ob if they did beare*: or if they did mark—1Q.

41-2. bracketed ll.—1Q.

42. *bootles*: out—1Q.

50-1. 1 l.—Qq.

50. *as soft*: soft as—Qq.

And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.

[*Rises.*]

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'st
My everlasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers? 60
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter. 70

Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.

Luc. Aye me this object kils me.

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke upon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too, 80
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:

56. *pronounc'st*: pronounced—Qq. 3-4F.

62. repeated *and* out—2-4F.

61. *pray*: prey—2-4F.

66. *noble*: aged—1Q.

And they have nur'st this woe,
In feeding life:

In bootlesse prayer have they bene held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use.

Now all the service I require of them,

Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:

'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,

For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine. 89

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receivde some unrecuring wound. 100

Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inviron'd with a wilderness of Sea.

Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone: 110

Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,

And heere my brother weeping at my woes.

But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne,

82-3. 1 l.-Qq.

89. *is:* are-Rowe.

96-7. 1 l.-Qq.

101-2. 1 l.-Qq.

106-7. 1 l.-Qq.

Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.
 Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me. What shall I doe?
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death 120
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
 Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
 Upon a gathred Lillie almost withered.,

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,
 Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
 Because the law hath tane revenge on them. 130
 No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
 Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
 Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good Uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
 Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
 How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
 With miery slime left on them by a flood:
 And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long, 140
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
 And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
 Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?

128. *bim*: them-1Q.134. *signes*: sign-QQ.138. *in*: as-2COLLIER.

What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
 Plot some devise of further miseries
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps. 150

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
 eyes. ^{1 handkerchief}

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
 Thy napkin¹ cannot drinke a teare of mine,
 For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I understand her signes,
 Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His Napkin with her true teares all bewet, 160
 Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheekes.
 Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
 As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sonnes,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King: he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alive, 170
 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
 Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke,
 That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprise?
 With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
 Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

147. *miseries*: misery—Qq.

160. *ber*: his—4F.

175. *my band*: separate l.—STEEVENS (1793).

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you, 180
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come. 190

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe. 200

Mar. But I will use the Axe. *Exeunt* [*Lu. & Mar.*]

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,

Moore. [*Aside*] If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
 Good *Aron* give his Majestie me hand, 211
 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
 More hath it merited: That let it have.
 As for for my sonnes, say I account of them,
 As jewels purchast at an easie price,
 And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee:
 [*Aside*] Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. 221
 Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will have his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? [*To Lav.*]
 Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
 Or with our sighs wee le breath the welkin¹ dimme,
 And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosomes. 231

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities, 1 sky
 And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, having no bottome?
 Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I binde my woes:

210. *you: your*-2-4F.

215. *repeated for out*-2-4F.

211. *me: my*-2-4F

229. *breath: breathe*-4F.

When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow?
 If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad, 240
 Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?¹ ¹*tumult*
 I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my Sea be moved with her sighes,
 Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
 Become a deluge: overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
 Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave, 250
 To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
 For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
 Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
 And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
 Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
 That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
 More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot *Ætna* coole in *Cicilie*, 260
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
 These miseries are more then may be borne.
 To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
 That ever death should let life beare his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

243. *flow*: blow-2-4F.

260. *Cicilie*: Sicily-3-4F.

268. *breatb*: breathe-4F.

As frozen water to a starved snake. 270

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere¹ sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numme. ¹ *piteous*
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight 280
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I have not another teare to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurpe upon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Revenges Cave?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, 290
And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what taske I have to doe,
You heavie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare. 299
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:

274. *hands:* hand-QQ.4F.

275. *sonnes:* son-QQ.

278. *my:* thy-THEOBALD.

279. *Rent:* Rend-2Rowe.

300. *And:* out-2-4F. *employd in these things:* employ'd: these arms!-GLOBE.

Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
 And if you love me, as I thinke you doe,
 Let's kisse and part, for we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
 Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe, 310
 He loves his pledges dearer then his life:
 Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefes:
 If *Lucius* live, he will requit your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
 Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power, 319
 To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine.* *Exit Lucius*

[Scene ii. *A room in Titus's house.*]

A Bnaket [set out].

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy
[young Lucius].

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
 Then will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:

311. *lowes*: leaves—*Rowe.*

316. *requit*: requite—*Qq.* 3-4*F.*

1. *Bnaket*: Banquet—2-4*F.*

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
 And cannot passionate¹ our tenfold grieffe,
 With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
 Is left to tirranize uppon my breast. ¹ *compassionate*
 Who when my hart all mad with misery, 11
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thumpe it downe. [To Lavinia]

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
 When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
 Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
 Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
 And just against thy hart make thou a hole,
 That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall 20
 May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
 Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands uppon her tender life.

An How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
 Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
 What violent hands can she lay on her life:
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable? 30
 O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
 Least we remember still that we have none,
 Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
 As if we should forget we had no hands:
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
 Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
 Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
 I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
 She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares 39

15. *without ragious*: with outrageous—2-4F.

Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd uppon her cheekes,
 Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
 In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
 As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
 But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet, ¹ *continued*
 And by still ¹ practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leave these bitter deepe laments,
 Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd, 50
 Doth weepe to see his grandsires heavinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
 And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
 What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I have kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
 Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
 A deed of death done on the Innocent
 Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone, 60
 I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings
 And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
 Poore harmelesse Fly,
 That with his pretty buzing melody,
 Came heere to make us merry,
 And thou hast kil'd him.

41. *complaynet*: complainer-2-4F.

55. *with knife*: with thy knife-2-4F.

57. *the*: thee-3-4F.

60. *brober*: brother-2-4F.

56. *Flys*: fly-2-4F.

58. *cloi'd*: are cloy'd-2-4F.

68-9. 1 l.-CAPELL.

TITUS ANDRONICUS [III. ii. 66–IV. i. 4

Mar. Pardon me sir, 70
It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selves, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low, 80
But that betweene us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieve ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,
He to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *Rome. Titus's garden.*]

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his bookes under his arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

70-1. 1 l.—POPE.

77. *my selves*: myself—2-4F.

79. *Tamira*: *Tamora*—2-4F. *Ab sirra*: separate l.—CAPELL.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did. 11

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she have thee goe with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Unlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I have heard my Grandsier say full oft,

Extremite of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that *Hecubæ* of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt, 30

And Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stamp the books which*

Lucius has let fall.]

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

9. thy: thine-Qq.

13. Feare not: Fear her not-Qq.

15. Some whether: Some whither-2-4F.

24. *Hecubæ*: *Hecuba*-2-4F.

25. through: for-1Q.

Come and take choyse of all my Library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. 40
 What booke?

Why lifts she up her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she meanes that ther was more then one
 Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandier 'tis *Ovide Metamorphosis*,
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she culd it from among the rest. 50

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaves,

[*Helping her.*]

Helpe her, what would she find? *Lavinia* shall I read:
 This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?

And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quens the leaves:

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?—A grove

For'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy wood:

—see, I such a place there is where we did hunt, 60

(O had we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature beld to foule a den,
 Unlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

41. *What booke*: out—QQ.

45. *to*: for—QQ.

47. *Metamorphosis*: *Metamorphoses*—POPZ.

50. *Perhaps*: misprint 1F.

51. *Soft, so busily*: Soft! see how busily—ROWL.

52. *Helpe her*: out—GLOBE.

60. *See, see*: separate l.—POPZ.

Ti. Give signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends |

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* ersts,

That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Appollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, 71.

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*.

*He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it
with feete and mouth.*

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This after me, I have writ my name,

Without the helpe of any hand at all.

Curst be that hart that forc'st us to that shift:

Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last, 80

What God will have discovered for revenge,

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,

That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,

Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. *Magni Dominator poli,* 90

Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord: Although I know

There is enough written upon this earth,

To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,

And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.

68. *erst*s: *erst*-2-4F.

77. *me, I*: *me*, when I-2-4F.

79. *forc*'st: *forced*-3-4F. *that*: *this*-QQ. 2-4F.

86. *writ*s: *writ*-2-4F.

My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
 And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
 And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere¹
 And father of that chast dishonoured Dame, ¹*husband*
 Lord *Junius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape, 100
 That we will prosecute (by good advise)
 Mortall revenge upon these traytorous Gothes,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
 But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
 The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
 Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
 And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
 And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
 You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone: 110
 And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
 And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
 Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaves abroad,
 And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
 For his ungratefull country done the like. 120

Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
 Presents that I intend to send them both,
 Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

104. and: an-CAPELL.

108. *palyeth*: playeth-2-4F.

121. and if: an if-THEOBALD.

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court, 130
 I marry will we sir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield,
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
 Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

[Scene ii. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Aron, Cbiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another | dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of | weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Cbi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
 I greeete your honours from *Andronicus*, 8
 [*Aside*] And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie lovely *Lucius*, what's the newes?

[*Puer.*^a That you are both decipherd, thats the newes,] |

For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
 My Grandsire well advis'd hath sent by me,
 The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
 To gratifie your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
 And so I do and with his gifts present
 Your Lordships, when ever you have need,

138. *Revenge the: Revenge, ye-Dyce.* 10-11. bracketed l.-Qq.

11. *villanie's: villains-3-4F.* 17. *when: that, when-Pope.*

^a *Puer.:* (Boy-Pope) Lu.-Globe.

You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: [*Aside*] like bloody villaines.

Exit |

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see. 21

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury jaculis nec
ar- | cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I just, a verse in *Horace*: right, you have it,
[*Aside*] Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound jest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick: 30
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now young Lords, wa'st not a happy starre
Led us to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
'To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts. 40

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

22-3. 2 ll. ending *purus, arcu*—THEOBALD. *egit maury: eget*
Mauri—1Q. 2-4F. *arcus: arcu*—2-4F. 29. *the: them*—1Q.

38. *brothers: brother's*—ROWE.

46. *you: your*—QQ. 3-4F.

Deme. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils, the gods have given
us over. | 50

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone, 60
Now helpe, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.

Aron To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God give her good rest,
What hath he sent her? 70

Nurse. A devill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a joyfull issue.

Nurse. A joylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done? 80

Aron. That which thou canst not undoe.

Cbi. Thou hast undone our mother.

[*Aron.* Villaine, I have done thy mother.]

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

Cbi. It shall not live.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood. 90

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:

Nurse give it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse and draws.*]

Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*

With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode, 100

Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it scornes to beare another hue:

78. *Out you*: 'Zounds, ye—Qq.

82-3. bracketed l.—Qq.

96. *sb'one*: shone—3-4F.

104. *white-limb'd*: white-limmed—2POPE.

For all the water in the Ocean,
 Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 Although she lave them houely in the flood:
 Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age 110
 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world do I preferre,
 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
 Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Cbi. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie. 121

Aron. Why ther's the priviledge your beauty beares:
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
 Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,¹
 Looke how the blacke slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
 He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed ^{1 complexion}
 Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you,
 And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
 He is infranchised and come to light: 131
 Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say unto the Empresse?

Dem. Advise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult.

121. *ignominie*: *ignomy*-QQ.

My sonne and I will have the winde of you:
 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety. 140

[*They sit.*]

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so brave Lords, when we joyne in league
 I am a Lambe: but if you brave the *Moore*,
 The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
 The Ocean swells not so at *Aaron* stormes:
 But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
 And none else but the delivered Empresse. 148

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away:
 Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron*?
 Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's:
 A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed, 160
 His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
 Goe packe¹ with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all, ^{1plot}
 And how by this their Childe shall be advaunc'd,
 And be received for the Emperours heyre,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
 And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

145. at: as-QQ. 3-4F.

148. none: no one-QQ.

150. repeated *the* out-2-4F.

153-4. 1 l.-QQ

159. *Muliteus*: *Muli* lives-2SINGER.

Harke ye Lords, ye see I have given her physicke,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funerall, 170

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:

This done, see that you take no longer daies

But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. Aaron I see thou wilt not tust the ayre with secrets. |

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*

[*Dem. & Cbi. bearing off the Nurse's body*].

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes, 180

And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:

Come on you thick-lipt-slave, Ile beare you hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,

And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,

And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up

To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

[Scene iii. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen | with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with | Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

176. *tust*: *trust*-2-4F.

176-7. 2 ll. ending air, *Tamora*-THEOBALD.

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
 She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
 You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
 Yet ther's as little justice as at Land: 11
 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
 'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
 And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
 Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
 I pray you deliver him this petition,
 Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
 Shaken with sorrowes in ungratefull Rome.
 Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable, 20
 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
 Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
 And leave you not a man of warre unsearcht,
 This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
 And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heavie case
 To see thy Noble Unckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly us concernes,
 By day and night t'attend him carefully: 30
 And feede his humour kindely as we may,
 Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
 Joyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre,
 Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

7. *Astrea*: *Astræa*-2-4F.

7-10. 5 ll. ending *reliquit*, *fled*, *shall*, *nets*, *sea*-CAPELL.

10. *haply* .. *find*: *Happily* .. *catch*-1Q.

29. *Lords*: *lord*-2-4F.

30. *t'attend*: *to attend*-ROWE

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall, 40
Marrie for justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Jove* in heaven, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
He dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, steele to the very backe, 49
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven, and move the Gods
To send downe Justice for to wreake¹ our wongs:
Come to this geare,² you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrowes. ¹*avenge*

Ad Jovem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe, ²*business*

Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde. 60
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Ther's not a God left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
[*They shoot.*]

46. *Acaron*: *Acheron*-2-4F.

50. *backe*: *backs*-QQ.4F

53. *wongs*: *wrongs*-2-4F.

59. *Saturnine*, to: *Saturn*, to out-CAPELL.

Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes. 71

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gave *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Emprise villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But give them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven, 80

Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?

Shall I have Justice, what sayes *Jupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Jibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Jupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter*:

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier? 90

Clowne. I of my Pignons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heaven?

Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so hold, to presse to heaven in my
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the

70. *Ha, ha*: separate l.—DYCE.

80-1. 1 l.—ROWE.

88-9. prose—CAPELL.

78. *your: his*—1Q.

84. *Ho*: O—CAPELL.

93. prose—POPE.

Tribunall Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you. 100

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir 111

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do it bravely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant: 120
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us goe, *Publius* follow me.
Exeunt.

[Scene iv. *The same. Before the palace.*]

*Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was ever seene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How ever these disturbers of our peace 10
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome: 20
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,

4-5. 1 l.-QQ. 9. *know the: know as know the*-CAMBRIDGE.
13. *and if: an if*-THEOBALD. 28, 29. *be: she*-ROWE.

Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives. 30

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose¹ with all: *Aside.*
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quicke, 40
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port. ¹ *talk smoothly*

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I have? 51

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I have brought up a neck
to a faire end. *Exit [guarded].*

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same devise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,

Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully? 60
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
 Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge:
 For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
 Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
 The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle 70
 They hither march amaine, under conduct
 Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
 Who threats in course of this revenge to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

King. [*Sat.*] Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
 I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 'Tis he the common people love so much,
 My selfe hath often heard them say, 80
 (When I have walked like a private man)
 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. *King*, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
 Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
 The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they meane thereby, 90

68. *Arme*: Arm, arm—WARBURTON. *my Lords*: my lord—DYCE.

78. *begins*: begin—ROWE.

84. *our*: your—QQ.

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
 Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes¹ to sheepe,
 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 The other rotted with delicious foode. ¹ *clover beads*
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for us. 100
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
 For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
 With golden promises, that were his heart
 Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
 Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
[To *Æmilius*]

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
 Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
 [Even at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.]
Kiug. *Emillius* do this message Honourably,
 And if he stand in Hostage for his safety, 110
 Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him with all the Art I have,
 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
 And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
 And bury all thy feare in my devises. ² *directly*
Satu. Then goe successantly² and plead for him. *Exit.*

108-9. bracketed l.—Qq.

109. *Kiug.* misprint 1F. *Emillius*: *Æmilius*—Rowe.110. *in*: on—4F.

Actus Quintus.[Scene i. *Plains near Rome.*]

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,¹ 10
Let him make treble satisfaction. ^{1 injury}

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terroure, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in us, wee follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*:

[*All.*] And as he saith, so say we all with him. 20

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
v. his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye

6. *signifies*: signify—Rowe.

16. *Bebold*: Be bold—Qq. 3-4F.

20. All the Goths prefixed (*Omn. Omnes*)—2-4F.

Upon the wasted building, suddainely
 I heard a childe cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noyse, when soone I heard, 30
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
 Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
 Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
 Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
 Villaine thou might'st have bene an Emperour.
 But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
 Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
 For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe, 40
 Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
 With this, my weapon drawne I rusht upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
 To use, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devill,
 That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
 This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
 And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
 Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou convay
 This growing Image of thy fiend-like face? 50
 Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
 A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
 And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
 First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
 A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, save the Childe,
 [A ladder brought.]

44. *needefull*: misprint 1F.

58. *Get me a Ladder*: given to *Lucius*—2POPE.

And beare it from me to the Empresse:
 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things, 60
 That highly may advantage thee to heare;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
 'Twill vex thee thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
 For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
 Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
 Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies 70
 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
 I say thy Childe shall live.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
 Thou beleevest no God,
 That graunted, how can'st thou beleeve an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not, 80
 Yet for I know thou art Religious,
 And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
 With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
 Which I have seene thee carefull to observe:
 Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
 An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
 And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
 To that Ile urge him: theréfore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God so ere it be

63. *more: but:* colon out-2Q.

66. *And if:* An if-WARBURTON.

74-5. 1 l.-Qq.

64. *and if:* an if-DYCE.

71. *preform'd:* misprint 1 F.

77-8. 1 l.-Qq.

That thou adorest, and hast in reverence, 90
 To save my Boy, to nourish and bring him up,
 Ore else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou,
 I begot him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
 To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
 'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
 They cut thy Sisters tongue, and ravisht her, 100
 And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
 That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
 As sure a Card as ever wonne the Set:
 That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me, 110
 As true a Dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:
 I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
 Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
 I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
 And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
 Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.

92. *Ore*: Or-QQ.4F. 93. repeated to out-2-4F. 94-5. 1 l.-QQ.

96. *Insatiate luxurious*: Insatiate and luxurious-1Q.

101. *off*: out-QQ.

102-3. 1 l.-QQ.

104-5. 2 ll. ending 'twas, it-CAPELL.

I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand, 120
 And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
 I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
 When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
 Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
 And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
 She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tydings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is. 131

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:

Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
 Few come within few compasse of my curse,
 Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
 Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends, 140
 Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
 Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
 And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
 Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their deere Friends doore,
 Even when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
 And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters,
 Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things 150

128. *sounded*: swooned-3-4F.

135. *few*: the-2-4F.

143. *the teares*: their tears-2-4F.

145. *doore*: doors-3-4F.

146. *was*: were-MALONE.

As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieves me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the divell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be divels, would I were a devill,
To live and burne in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue. 159

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

[*Enter a Goth.*] *Enter Emillius.*

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craves a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages, 170
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Luc. *Emillius*, let the Emperour give his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*, *Flourish.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*]

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

165. *what: what's—Qq. 2-4F.*

And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
 To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
 Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
 To ruminat strange plots of dire Revenge,
 Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him,
 And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore. 10

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
 Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
 That so my sad decrees may flie away,
 And all my studie be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I meane to do,
 See heere in bloody lines I have set downe:
 And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
 Wanting a hand to give it action, 20
 Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
 Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 Witnesse this wretched stump,
 Witnesse these crimson lines,
 Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
 Witnesse the tyring day, and heaue night,
 Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*: 30
 Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
 She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
 I am Revenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
 To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,

By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
 Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
 Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
 Ther's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
 No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale, 40
 Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
 Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
 And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
 Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some service ere I come to thee:
 Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge, 50
 Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
 And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
 And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
 Provide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Jet,
 To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
 And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
 And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
 Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
 Even from *Eptons* rising in the East, 60
 Untill his very downefall in the Sea.
 And day by day Ile do this heavy taske,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

36. *my*: thy-2-4F.

44. *offenders*: offender-1Q.

53. *Globes*: globe-DYCE.

54. *as*: out-1Q. 3-4F.

56. *Murder*: murderers-CAPELL. *cares*: caves-2-4F.

60. *Eptons*: Hyperion's-4F.

65. *them*: these-DYCE.

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes: 70
Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure, 80
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

[*Enter Titus below.*]

Tit. Long have I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a devill? 90
For well I wote the Empresse never wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had such a devill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

66. *Rape*: *Rapine*-2-4F.

67. *Cause*: 'Cause-POPE.

84. *play*: *ply*-Q2.

Tam. What would'st thou have us doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And Ile be revenged on them all. 101

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion, 110
For up and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes, 120
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,

101. *Ile*: I will—2-4F.

107. *be is*: he's—HANMER.

110. *thy*: thine—1Q.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[V. ii. 123-151]

Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
 Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes, 130
 Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
 Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
 Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
 And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe, 140
 And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you Boyes, will
 you bide with him, |

Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
 How I have govern'd our determined jest?
 Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
 And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose
 me mad, |

And will ore-reach them in their owne devises,
 A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave us heere. 150

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet revenge farewell.

[*Exit Tamora.*]

Cbi. Tell us old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

[*Enter Publius and others.*]

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron, Demetrius.* 160

Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceay'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,
[And stop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.]

[*Exit.*]

Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.* 172

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, 180
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere

159-60. 1 l.-Qq.

160. *Chiron, Demetrius:* Chiron and Demetrius—THEOBALD.

166-7. bracketed l.-Qq.

Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
 Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
 What would you say, if I should let you speake?
 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
 This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
 Whil'st that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:
 The Bason that receives your guilty blood. 190
 You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
 And calls herselfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad.
 Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
 And of the Paste a Coffen¹ I will reare, ¹*pastry-case*
 And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
 And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her increase.
 This is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
 And this the Banquet she shall surfet on, 200
 For worse then *Philomel* you usd my Daughter,
 And worse then *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come.
 Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
 Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
 And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
 And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
 Come, come, be every one officious,
 To make this Banket, which I wish might prove,
 More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast. 210
He cuts their throats.
 So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
 And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

184. *Inhumaine*: Inhuman—Rowe.198. *her increase*: her own increase—2-4F.209. *Banket*: banquet—3-4F. *migt*: may—QQ.

[Scene iii. *Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.*]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes [with Aaron prisoner].

Luc. Unckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Unckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
Let him receive no sustenance, ferter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperous face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong, 10
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us.

Aron. Some devill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Unckle, to convey him in,

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*] *Flourish.* |
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
[Æmilius,] Tribunes [Senators] and others.* 19

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,

2. 'tis: it is—2 THEOBALD.

8. *Emperous: empress'*—1 Q.

15. *Inhumaine: Inhuman*—ROWE.

7. *ferter: fetter*—2-4 F.

12. *my: mine*—Q Q.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[V. iii. 23-47

For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hoboyes.

A Table brought in. [*The Company sit down at table.*]

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a vale over her face
[young Lucius and others].*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord, 32
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Emperresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this, 42
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,

To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not survine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall, 50
A patterne, president, and lively warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

27. nie: nigh-4F.

32-3. 1 l.-Qq.

41. And: An-HANMER.

48. survine: survive-2-4F.

51. president: precedent-POPE.

Sat. What hast done, unnaturall and unkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more cause then he. 59
[To doe this outrage, and it now is done.]

Sat. What was she ravisht? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Hignessee feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
[thus?]

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They ravisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satu. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred. 70
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Kills Titus.*]

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus,*
and others go up into the balcony.]

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By uprores sever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe, 80
These broken limbs againe into one body.

56. *bast done*: *hast thou done*—2-4F. 59-60. bracketed l.—QQ.

61-2. 1 l.—QQ.

62. *Hignessee*: misprint 1F.

63. bracketed word—1Q.2-4F.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane unto herselfe,
 And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
 Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
 Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
 But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words, [*To Lucius*]
 Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our Auncestor,
 When with his solemne tongue he did discourse 90
 To love-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
 The story of that balefull burning night,
 When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
 Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome the civill wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grieve,
 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 And breake my very uttrance, even in the time 100
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 Were they that mured our Emperours Brother,
 And they it were that ravished our Sister,
 For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd, 110
 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.

82. *Goth.*: out; *Let*: *Lest*-CAPELL.

83. *cursie*: court'sy (curtsie)-3-4F.

102. *band*: out-QQ.

100. *very*: out-1Q.

105. *This*: *Then*-QQ.

Lastly, my selfe unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
 And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
 And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point, 120
 Sheathing the steele in my adventrous body.
 Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
 My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth:
 But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
 Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
 For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves,
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
 [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]
 Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
 The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*, 130
 Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
 The Villaine is alive in *Titus* house,
 And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
 Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakeable past patience,
 Or more then any living man could beare.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
 Have we done ought amisse? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poore remainder of *Andronici*, 140
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast us downe,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
 And make a mutuall closure of our house:

118. *And I am turned*: I am the turned—1Q.

134. *course*: *cause*—4F.

Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilli. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so. 149

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
[*To Attendants*]

And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore*,
To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.
[*Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.*]

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I governe so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Unckle draw you neere, 160
To shed obsequious teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*]

These forrowfull drops upon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and loving kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us

146. *reverent*: *reverend*-*Rowe*. 150. *Mar.*: *All*-*Cambridge*.

151. *given to Marc.*-*Capell*.

155. *given to All*-*Cambridge*. *to*: *out*-*Rowe*.

163. *forrowfull*: *misprint* 1F. *bloud-slaine*: *blood-stain'd*-3-4F.

To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee: 171
 Sung thee asleepe, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow:
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
 In that respect then, like a loving Childe,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
 Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
 Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
 Bid him farwell, commit him to the Grave,
 Do him that kindnesse, and take leave of him. 180
Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: even with all my heart
 Would I were Dead, so you did Live againe.
 O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

[*Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.*]

Romans. [*Æm.*] You sad *Andronici*, have done with
 woes, |
 Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
 That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
 There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode:
 If any one releeves, or pitties him, 190
 For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
 Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
 I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
 I should repent the Evils I have done.
 Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
 Would I performe if I might have my will:
 If one good Deed in all my life I did,

185. *Romans:* out, speech given to *Æmilius*—GLOBE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[V. iii. 190-204]

I do repent it from my very Soule. 199

Lucius. Some loving Friends convey the Emp. hence,
 And give him buriall in his Fathers grave.
 My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
 As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
 No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
 No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
 But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
 Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,
 And being so, shall have like want of pitty.
 See Justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore, 210
 From whom, our heavy happes had their beginning:
 Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
 That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

200. *Emp.*: Emperor-2-4F.

201. *Fathers*: father's-Rowe.

211. *From*: By-QQ.

FINIS.

VENUS AND ADONIS

POEMS I.

VENUS
AND ADONIS

VILIA MIRETUR VULGUS: MIHI FLAVUS APOLLO
POCULA CASTALIA PLENA MINISTRET AQUA.

LONDON

IMPRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT
THE SIGNE OF THE WHITE GREYHOUND IN
PAULES CHURCH-YARD.

1593.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Henrie Wriothesley, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and never after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds bopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,
William Shakespeare.



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

Font at which John Shakespeare was christened, Snitterfield Church

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sunne with purple-colour'd face,
Had tane his last leave of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laught to scorne:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine unto him,
And like a bold fac'd suter ginnes to woo him.

Thrise fairer than my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet above compare,
Staine to all Nymphs, more lovely then a man,
More white, and red, then doves, or roses are: 10
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd sacietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie, 20

VENUS AND ADONIS

Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:
A sommers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith, and livelyhood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,
Earths soveraigne salve, to do a goddesse good,
Being so enragd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse. 30

Over one arme the lustie coursers raine,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht, and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glowing fier,
He red for shame, but frostie in desier.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens, (ô how quicke is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now,
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strength though not in lust.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

26. *president: precedent*—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

He burnes with bashtull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes, 50
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Even as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in hast,
Till either gorge be stufte, or pray be gone:
Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin. 60

Forst to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And calls it heavenly moisture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes: 70
Raine added to a river that is ranke,
Perforce will force it overflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullein, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale,
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her best is betterd with a more delight.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but love,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares, 80
From his soft bosome never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which long have rained, making her cheekes al wet,
And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptesse debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a divedapper peering through a wave,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in sommers heat,
More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne,
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
Oh pitie gan she crie, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I have bene wooed as I intreat thee now,
Even by the sterne, and direfull god of warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in everie jarre, 100
Yet hath he bene my captive, and my slave,
And begd for that which thou unaskt shalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hong his launce,
His battred shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport, and daunce,
To toy, to wanton, dallie, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Thus he that over-ruled, I over-swayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine, 110
Strong-temperd steele his stronger strength obayed.
Yet was he servile to my coy disdaine,
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maistring her that foyld the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head,
Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? 120

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Love keepes his revels where there are but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
Never can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee unripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted, 130
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot, and consume them selves in litle time.

Were I hard-favourd, foule, or wrinckled old,
Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking juyce;
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
But having no defects, why doest abhor me?

VENUS AND ADONIS

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, & quicke in turning:
My beautie as the spring doth yearelie grow, 141
My flesh is soft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme dissolve, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip upon the greene,
Or like a Nimph, with long disheveled heare,
Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire. 150

Witnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:
Two strengthles doves will draw me through the skie,
From morne till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou should thinke it heavie unto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze love upon thy left?
Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe rejected: 159
Steale thine own freedome, and complaine on theft.
Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forsooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torches are made to light, jewels to weare,
Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the use,
Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
Things growing to them selves, are growths abuse,
Seeds spring from seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

156. *should: shouldst*—2-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Upon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unlesse the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thy selfe art dead:
 And so in spite of death thou doest survive,
 In that thy likenesse still is left alive.

By this the love-sicke Queene began to sweate,
 For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
 And Titan tired in the midday heate,
 With burning eye did hotly over-looke them,
 Wishing Adonis had his teame to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus side. 180

And now Adonis with a lazie sprite,
 And with a heavie, darke, disliking eye,
 His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,
 Likd mistie vapors when they blot the skie,
 So wring his cheekes, cries, fie, no more of love,
 The sun doth burne my face I must remove.

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and so unkinde,
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?
 Ile sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle winde,
 Shall coole the heate of this descending sun: 190
 Ile make a shadow for thee of my heares,
 If they burn too, Ile quench them with my teares.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warme,
 And lo I lye betweene that sunne, and thee:
 The heat I have from thence doth litle harme,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,

184. *Likd*: misprint 1Q., for *Like*.

185. *So wring*: *Souring*-2-13Q.

191 and elsewhere. *beares*: *hairs* (*haire*s)-12-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heavenly, and earthly sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as steele?
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth: 200
Art thou a womans sonne and canst not feele
What tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so hard a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger, dwels upon my sute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?
Speake faire, but speake faire words, or else be mute:
Give me one kisse, Ile give it thee againe,
And one for intrest, if thou wilt have twaine, 210

Fie, liveless picture, cold, and sencelesse stone,
Well painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kisse even by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being Judge in love, she cannot right her cause. 220
And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake
And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:

208. comma after first *Speake*—5-9, 11Q.

211. *liveless*: *lifeless*—SEWALL.

VENUS AND ADONIS

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivorie pale, 230
Ile be a parke, and thou shalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Within this limit is reliefe enough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke, 239
No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdaine,
That in ech cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Love made those hollowes, if him selfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, & there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strucke dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
Poore Queene of love, in thine own law forlorne,
To love a cheeke that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining armes doth urge releasing:
Pitie she cries, some favour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But lo from forth a copps that neighbors by,
A breeding Jennet, lustie, young, and proud, 260
Adonis trampling Courser doth espy:
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neckt steed being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girthes he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whose hollow wombe resounds like heavens thunder,
The yron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His eares up prickt, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compast crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majestie, and modest pride,
Anon he reres upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride. 280
And this I do, to captivate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his riders angrie sturre,
His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spurre,
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay:
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
 In limming out a well proportioned steed, 290
 His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:
 So did this Horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, short joynted, fetlocks shag, and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
 High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strong,
 Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Looke what a Horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds farre off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts, at sturring of a feather:
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
 For through his mane, & taile, the high wind sings,
 Fanning the haire, who wave like feathred wings.

He lookes upon his love, and neighes unto her,
 She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
 Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seemes unkinde: 310
 Spurnes at his love, and scorns the heat he feeles,
 Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vailes¹ his taile that like a falling plume, ^{1 lowers}
 Coole shadow to his melting buttocke lent,
 He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
 His love perceiving how he was inrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag'd.

304. *where: whether*—CAMBRIDGE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo the unbackt breeder full of feare, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that strive to overfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
Banning his boystrous, and unruly beast;
And now the happie season once more fits
That lovesicke love, by pleading may be blest:
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aydance of the tongue. 330

An Oven that is stopt, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorow may be sayd,
Free vent of words loves fier doth asswage,
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperat in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow:
Even as a dying coale revives with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde: 340
Taking no notice that she is so nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, ech other did destroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover downe she kneeles, 350
 With one faire hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
 His tendrer cheeke, receives her soft hands print,
 As apt, as new falne snow takes any dint.

O what a war of lookes was then betweene them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
 With tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lillie prinsond in a gaile of snow,
 Or Ivorie in an allablaster band,
 So white a friend, ingirts so white a fo:
 This beautilous combat wilfull, and unwilling,
 Showed like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
 O fairest mover on this mortall round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound, 370
 For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
 Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

Give me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
 Give me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt have it.

362. *gaile*: *gaol* (Jaile)—2-13Q.

363. *allablaster*: *alabaster*—EWING.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O give it me lest thy hard heart do steele it,
 And being steeld, soft sighes can never grave it.
 Then loves deepe grones, I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
 For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
 Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire,
 Affection is a coale that must be coold,
 Else sufferd it will set the heart on fire,
 The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
 Therefore no marvell though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood tied to the tree, 391
 Servilly maisterd with a leatherne raine,
 But when he saw his love, his youths faire fee,
 He held such pettie bondage in disdaine:
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents ayme at like delight? 400
 Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
 To touch the fier the weather being cold?

380. *dayes: day's*—GILDON.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, never lost againe.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Unlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it, 410
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love, but to disgrace it,
For I have heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and unfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be anie jot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part,
And leave this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remove your siege from my unyeelding hart,
To loves allarmes it will not ope the gate,
Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.

What canst thou talke (quoth she) hast thou a tong?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaites voice hath done me double wrong,
I had my lode before, now prest with bearing, 430
Mellodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Eares deep sweet musik, & harts deep sore wounding

VENUS AND ADONIS

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would love,
 That inward beautie and invisible,
 Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would move
 Ech part in me, that were but sensible,
 Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the sence of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch, 440
 And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
 For from the stillitorie of thy face excelling,
 Coms breath perfumd, that breedeth love by smell-
 ing. |

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 Being nourse, and feeder of the other foure,
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid suspition double lookè the dore;
 Lest jealousie that sower unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast? 450

Once more the rubi-colour'd portall open'd,
 Which to his speech did honie passage yeeld,
 Like a red morne that ever yet betokend,
 Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
 Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
 Gusts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
 Even as the wind is husht before it raineth:

448. *looke*: *locke*—LINTOTT.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it staineth: 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning stricke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill love, and love by lookes reviveth,
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by love so thriveth.
The sillie boy beleeving she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lyes as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes,
To mend the hurt, that his unkindnesse mard,
He kisses her, and she by her goodwill,
Will never rise, so he will kisse her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she upheaveth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the earth releeveth:
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whose beames upon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Were never foure such lamps, together mixt,
 Had not his clouded with his browes repine. 490
 But hers, which through the cristal tears gave light,
 Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heaven,
 Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:
 What houre is this, or morne, or wearie even,
 Do I delight to die or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and life was deaths annoy,
 But now I dy'de, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,
 Thy eyes shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
 Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdaine,
 That they have mured this poore heart of mine,
 And these mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse ech other for this cure,
 Oh never let their crimson liveries weare,
 And as they last, their verdour still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous yeare:
 That the star-gazers having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath. 510

Pure lips, sweet seales in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
 Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
 Set thy scale manuell; on my wax-red lips.

500. *eyes sbrowd*: eyes' shrewd—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee,
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone? 520
 Say for non-paiment, that the debt should double,
 Is twentie hundred kisses such a trouble?

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie love you owe me,
 Measure my strangenesse with my unripe yeares,
 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
 No fisher but the ungrowne frie forbears,
 The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
 His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west, 530
 The owle (nights herald) shrieks, tis verie late,
 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And cole-black clouds, that shadow heavens light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you,
 If you will say so, you shall have a kis;
 Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
 The honie fee of parting tendred is,
 Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace, 539
 Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disjoynd, and backward drew,
 The heavenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
 Whose precious tast, her thirstie lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,
 Ho with her plentie prest she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

529. *gate: gait*—MALONE.

545. *Ho: for He*, misprint 1Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth: 550
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And having felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
With blind fold furie she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirs up a desperat courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing, 559
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dandling:
He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What waxe so frozen but dissolves with tempring,
And yeelds at last to everie light impression?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chieflly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward, 569
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frowne, ô had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a lover,
What though the rose have prickles, yet tis pluckt?
Were beautie under twentie locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, & picks them all at last.

VENUS AND ADONIS

For pittie now she can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that he may depart,
She is resolv'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart, 580
The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loves maister, shall we meete to morrow,
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale,
Like lawne being spred upon the blushing rose, 590
Usurpes her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.
She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
He on her belly fall's, she on her backe.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth prove,
He will not mannage her, although he mount her,
That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her joy. 600

Even so poore birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helplesse berries saw,
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
 She hath assai'd as much as may be prov'd,
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee,
 She's love; she loves, and yet she is not lov'd, 610
 Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
 But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
 Oh be advisd, thou know'st not what it is,
 With javelings point a churlish swine to goare,
 Whose tushes never sheathd, he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,
 Of brisly pikes that ever threat his foes, 620
 His eyes like glow-wormes shine when he doth fret
 His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
 Being mov'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
 Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,
 His short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,
 Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
 The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes, 629
 As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
 To which loves eyes paies tributarie gazes,
 Nor thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall eine,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes,

616. *javelings*: javelins-4-13Q.

628. *venter*: venture-GILDON.

632. *paies*: pay-MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Wold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathsome cabin still,
Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will, 639
They that thrive well, take counsell of their friends,
When thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble
I feard thy fortune, and my joynts did tremble.

Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
Within my bosome whereon thou doest lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my brest.

For where love raignes, disturbing jealousy,
Doth call him selfe affections centinell, 650
Gives false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Distempring gentle love in his desire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This sower informer, this bate-breeding spie,
This canker that eates up loves tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true newes, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I love thee, I thy death should feare. 660

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Under whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
 An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
 That tremble at th'imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And feare doth teach it divination; 670
 I prophecie thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
 Uncouple at the timerous flying hare,
 Or at the foxe which lives by subtiltie,
 Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
 Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
 And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds

And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
 Marke the poore wretch to over-shut his troubles, 680
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
 He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
 The many musits¹ through the which he goes,
 Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes. ¹ *bedge-tracks*

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving Conies keepe,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell: ² *falls in*
 And sometime sorteth² with a heard of deare,
 Danger deviseth shifts, wit waites on feare. 690

668. *th'imagination*: the imagination-2-4Q.

680. *over-shut*: overshoot-Dyce. 683. *musits*: musets-Hudson.

VENUS AND ADONIS

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
 Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,
 As if an other chase were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder-legs with listning eare,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
 Anon their loud alarums he doth heare, 700
 And now his grieve may be compared well,
 To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
 Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
 Ech envious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
 Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,
 For miserie is troden on by manie,
 And being low, never releev'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
 Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise, 710
 To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
 Unlike my selfe thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so,
 For love can comment upon everie wo.

Where did I leave? no matter where (quoth he)
 Leave me, and then the storie aptly ends,
 The night is spent; why what of that (quoth she?)
 I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
 And now tis darke, and going I shall fall.
 In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all. 720

695. *mouth's*: *mouths*-4-13Q.

705. *do*: *doth*-4-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
 The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
 Rich prayes make true-men theeves: so do thy lips
 Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
 Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceive the reason,
 Cinthia for shame, obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine, 730
 Wherin she fram'd thee, in hie heavens despight,
 To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
 To crosse the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beautie with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,
 Making it subject to the tyrannie,
 Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

As burning feavers, agues pale, and faint,
 Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,¹ 740
 The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint,¹ *mad*
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
 Surfets, impostumes, griefe, and damnd dispaire,
 Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minutes fight brings beautie under,
 Both favour, savour, hew, and qualities,
 Whereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.

724. *prayes*: *preys*—3-13Q.

748. *the tb'*: *the*—EWING.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie, 751
 Love-lacking Vestals, and selfe-loving Nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
 And barraine dearth of daughters, and of suns;
 Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
 Dries up his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to burie that posteritie,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in darke obscuritie? 760
 If so the world will hold thee in disdaine,
 Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
 A mischief worse then civill home-bred strife,
 Or theirs worse desperat hands them selves do slay,
 Or butcher sire, that reaves his sonne of life:
 Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
 Into your idle over-handled theame, 770
 The kisse I gave you is bestow'd in vaine,
 And all in vaine you strive against the streame,
 For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,
 Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

If love have lent you twentie thousand tongues,
 And everie tongue more moving then your owne,
 Bewitching like the wanton Marmaids songs,
 Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
 For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
 And will not let a false sound enter there. 780

VENUS AND ADONIS

Lest the deceiving harmonie should ronne,
 Into the quiet closure of my brest,
 And then my litle heart were quite undone,
 In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
 No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I can not reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
 I hate not love, but your devise in love,
 That lends imbracements unto every stranger, 790
 You do it for increase, ô straunge excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth usurpt his name,
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
 Upon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant staines, & soone bereaves:
 As Caterpillers do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne, 800
 Loves gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
 Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:
 Love surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
 The text is old, the Orator too greene,
 Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,
 Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
 Do burne them selves, for having so offended. 810

781. *ronne*: run-4-13Q. 784. *bard*: barr'd (bar'd)—LINTOTT.

VENUS AND ADONIS

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaves love upon her backe, deeply distrest,
 Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;
 So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

Which after him she dartes, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waves will have him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend: 820
 So did the mercilesse, and pitchie night,
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amas'd as one that unaware,
Hath dropt a precious jewell in the flood,
Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
 Even so confounded in the darke she lay,
 Having lost the faire discoverie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caves as seeming troubled, 830
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,
 Ay me, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
 And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so,

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a wofull dittie,
How love makes yong-men thrall, & old men dote,
How love is wise in follie, foolish wittie:
 Her heavie antheme still concludes in wo,
 And still the quier of ecchoes answer so. 840

VENUS AND ADONIS

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lovers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleasd themselves, others they thinke delight,
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are never donne.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle sounds resembling parasites?
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering everie call,
Soothing the humor of fantastique wits, 850
She sayes tis so, they answer all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of rest,
From his moyst cabinet mounts up on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver brest,
The sunne ariseth in his majestie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There lives a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no tidings of her love;
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
And all in hast she coasteth to the cry. 870

VENUS AND ADONIS

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay,
She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake,

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatall folds just in his way,
The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
Even so the timerous yelping of the hounds, 881
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprise her hart, 890
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
With cold-pale weaknesse, numbs each feeling part,
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering up her senses all dismayd,
She tels them tis a causlesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are affrayd,
Bids them leave quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red, 901
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spread,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murder.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the path, that she untreads againe;
Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine, 910
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venim'd sores, the onely soveraigne plaister.
And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another slapmouth'd mourner, blacke, and grim, 920
Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
Whereon with feareful eyes, they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So she at these sad signes, drawes up her breath,
And sighing it againe, exclames on death. 930

VENUS AND ADONIS

Hard favoured tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
 Hatefull divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earths-worme what dost thou
 meane? |

To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beautie set
 Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,
 Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at randon doest thou hit, 940
 Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart,
 Mistakes that aime, and cleaves an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower,
 Loves golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such wee-
 ping, |
 What may a heavie grone advantage thee? 950
 Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
 Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome as one full of dispaire,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt

940. *randon*: *random*--5-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
 In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.
 But through the floud-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them againe. 960

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
 Her eye seene in the teares, teares in her eye,
 Both christals, where they viewd ech others sorrow:
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,
 But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,
 Sighs drie her cheek, tears make them wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As striving who should best become her grieve,
 All entertaind, ech passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chiefe, 970
 But none is best, then joyne they all together,
 Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
 A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
 The dyre imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoyce,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
 Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse, 980
 Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
 To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

962. *eye seene*: eyes seen—8-13Q.

973. comma after *this*—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O hard beleaving love how strange it seemes!
 Not to beleave, and yet too credulous:
 Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
 Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:
 It was not she that cald him all to nought;
 Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.
 She clepes him king of graves, & grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but jest,
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
 When as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
 Which knows no pitie but is still severe, 1000
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
 I rayld on thee, fearing my loves decesse.

Tis not my fault, the Bore provok't my tong,
 Be wreak't on him (invisible commaunder)
 T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder
 Greefe hath two tongues, and never woman yet,
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate, 1010
 And that his beautie may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate.
 Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

1013. comma after stories out—MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

O Jove quoth she, how much a foole was I,
 To be of such a weake and sillie mind,
 To waile his death who lives, and must not die,
 Till mutuall overthrow of mortall kind?
 For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
 And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe. 1020

Fy, fy, fond love, thou art as full of feare,
 As one with treasure laden, hem'd with theeves,
 Trifles unwitnessed with eye, or eare,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeves.
 Even at this word she heares a merry horne,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
 The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her hast, unfortunately spies,
 The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight, 1030
 Which seene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shellie cave with paine,
 And, there all smoothred up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
 So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
 Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled braine, 1040
 Who bids them still consort with ougly night,
 And never wound the heart with lookes againe,
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, gives a deadly grone.

1027. *Faulcons*: falcon-5-13Q.

1031. *are*: as-3-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Whereat ech tributarie subject quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
 This mutinie ech part doth so surprise, 1049
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And being opend, threw unwilling light,
Upon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
With purple tears that his wound wept, had drencht.
 No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumblie she passions, frantikely she doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead, 1060
 Her voyce is stopt, her joynts forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach shuld be:
 His face seems twain, ech severall lim is doubled,
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my grieve for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead, 1070
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
 Heavie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

1054. *bad*: was-5-9, 11-13Q.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose tongue is musick now? what canst thou boast,
 Of things long since, or any thing insuing?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, and trim,
 But truesweet beautie liv'd, and di'de with him. 1080

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
 Nor sunne, nor wind will ever strive to kisse you,
 Having no faire to lose, you need not feare,
 The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
 But when Adonis liv'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
 Lurkt like two theeves, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
 The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe. 1090
 And straight in pittie of his tender yeares,
 They both would strive who first should drie his
 teares. |

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
 To recreate himself when he hath song,
 The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
 If he had spoke; the wolfe would leave his praie,
 And never fright the sillie lambe that daie.

When he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gils, 1100
 When he was by the birds such pleasure tooke,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

VENUS AND ADONIS

But this foule, grim, and urchin-snowted Boare,
Whose downeward eye still looketh for a grave:
Ne're saw the beautious liverie that he wore,
Witnesse the intertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so. 1110

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
He ran upon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who did not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to persuade him there.
And nouseling in his flanke the loving swine,
Sheath'd unaware the tuske in his soft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should have kild him first,
But he is dead, and never did he blesse
My youth with his, the more am I accurst. 1120
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

She lookes upon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eares a heavie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And everie beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be wayted on with jealousie,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavorie end.
Nere settled equally, but high or lo,
That all loves pleasure shall not match his wo. 1140

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumbe, & teach the foole to speake.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet, 1149
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with treasures,
It shall be raging mad, and sillie milde,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seveare,
And most deceiving, when it seemes most just,
Perverse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire events,
And set dissention twixt the sonne, and sire, 1160
Subject, and servill to all discontents:
As drie combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

VENUS AND ADONIS

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,
A purple floure sproong up, checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
Which in round drops, upon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel, 1171
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,
For everie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow unto himselfe was his desire; 1180
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loves floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aide, 1190
Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is convaide,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FINIS

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

LUCRECE

LONDON

PRINTED BY RICHARD FIELD, FOR JOHN HARRISON; AND ARE
TO BE SOLD AT THE SIGNE OF THE WHITE GREYHOUND
IN PAULES CHURH-YARD. 1594.

POEMS 4.

TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY

Wriothesley, Earle of Southhampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without
end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but
a superfluous Moity. The warrant I have of your
Honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutord
Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I have
done is yours, what I have to doe is yours, being part
in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater,
my duty would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it
is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life
still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty.

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (*for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus*) after hee had caused his owne father in law Servius Tullius to be cruelly mured, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper every one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which every one had before avouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and revelling, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after privily withdrewd himselfe and was (according to his

estate) royally entertayned and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night he tretcherauslie stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the Actor, and whole maner of his dealing, and withall sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.



Middle Row (now destroyed), Stratford-on-Avon. Showing well-sweep, tavern sign, and old style of architecture

From a negative by the late H. P. Robinson

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed TARQUIN, leaves the Roman host,
 And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
 Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
 Of COLATINES fair love, LUCRECE the chast.

Hap'ly that name of chast, unhap'ly set
 This batelesse¹ edge on his keene appetite: ¹ *unblunted*
 When COLATINE unwisely did not let,² ² *stop* 10
 To praise the cleare unmatched red and white,
 Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:
 Where mortal stars as bright as heavens Beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

For he the night before in Tarquins tent,
 Unlockt the treasure of his happie state:
 What priselesse wealth the heavens had him lent,
 In the possession of his beauteous mate.
 Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,
 That Kings might be espowed to more fame, 20
 But King nor Peere to such a peerelesse dame.

8. *unhap'ly*: unhappily (unhapp'ly-MALONE)-COLLIER.

LUCRECE

O happinesse enjoy'd but of a few,
 And if possesse as soone decayed and done:
 As is the mornings silver melting dew,
 Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.
 An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
 Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
 Are weakelie fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,
 The eies of men without an Orator, 30
 What needeth then Apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singuler?
 Or why is COLATINE the publisher
 Of that rich jewell he should keepe unknown,
 From theevish eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his bost of LUCRECE Sov'raintie,
 Suggested this proud issue of a King:
 For by our cares our hearts oft taynted be:
 Perchance that envie of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainefully did sting 40
 His high picht thoughts that meaner men should vant
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimelie thought did instigate,
 His all too timelesse speede if none of those,
 His honor, his affaires, his friends, his staté,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,
 To quench the coale which in his liver glowes.
 O rash false heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hastie spring still blasts and nere growes old.

24. *mornings*: morning—BODLEIAN 1Q. *silver melting*: silver-melting—MALONE.

31. *Apologies*: appologie—BODLEIAN 1Q.

LUCRECE

When at Colatia this false Lord arrived, 50
 Well was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
 Within whose face Beautie and Vertue strived,
 Which of them both should underprop her fame.
 When Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold blush for shame,
 When Beautie bosted blushes, in despight
 Vertue would staine that ore with silver white.

But Beautie in that white entituled,
 From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,
 Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
 Which Vertue gave the golden age, to guild 60
 Their silver cheekes, and cald it then their shield,
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight
 When shame assaild, the red should fence the white.

This Herauldry in LUCRECE face was seene,
 Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
 Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
 Proving from worlds minority their right,
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The soverainty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange ech others seat. 70

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,
 Which TARQUIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
 In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloses,
 Where least betweene them both it should be kild.
 The coward captive vanquished, doth yeeld
 To those two Armies that would let him goe,
 Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

50. *Colatia*: *Collatium* (Colatium)—BODLEIAN IQ.

56. *ore*: o'er—GILDON.

65. *Beauties* .. *Vertues*: beauty's .. virtue's—SEWELL.

LUCRECE

Now thinkes he that her husbands shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praisde her so:
In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong. 80
Which farre exceedes his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,
Inchaunted TARQUIN aunswers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this devill,
little suspecteth the false worshipper:
“ For unstaind thoughts do seldom dream on evill.
“ Birds never lim’d, no secret bushes feare:
So guiltlesse shee securely gives good cheare,
And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90
Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of Majestie:
That nothing in him seemd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which having all, all could not satisfie;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy’d with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop’t with straunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling¹ lookes, 100
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies, ^{1 speaking}
Writ in the glassie margents of such bookes,
Shee toucht no unknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eies were open to the light.

101. *subtle sbining*: subtle-shining—MALONE.

LUCRECE

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,
 Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
 And decks with praises Colatines high name,
 Made glorious by his manlie chivalrie,
 With bruised armes and wreathes of victorie, 110
 Her joie with heaved-up hand she doth expresse,
 And wordlesse so greetes heaven for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there,
 No clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,
 Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
 Till sable Night mother of dread and feare,
 Uppon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,
 And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For then is Tarquine brought unto his bed, 120
 Intending wearinesse with heaueie sprite:
 For after supper long he questioned,
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,
 Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,
 And everie one to rest themselves betake,
 Save theeves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wake. |

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
 Yet ever to obtaine his will resolving.
 Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstai-
 ning | 130
 Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
 And when great treasure is the meede proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, ther's no death supposed.

113. *thither*: *hither*—DYCE.

124. *liues*: *life's*—3Q.

126. *wake*: *wakes*—BODLEIAN 1Q.

LUCRECE

Those that much covet are with gaine so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possesse
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they have but lesse,
Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
That they prove banckrout in this poore rich gain.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life, 141
With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie, 150
In having much torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we doe neglect
The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting TARQUIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.
Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?
When shall he thinke to find a stranger just, 159
When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,
To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

140. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

LUCRECE

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavie sleepe had closd up mortall eyes,
No comfortable starre did lend his light,
No noise but Owles, & wolves death-boding cries
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The sillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,
While Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme, 170
Is madly tost betweene desire and dred;
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainesicke rude desire.

His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the could stone sparkes of fire doe flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.
And to the flame thus speakes advisedlie; 180
As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,
So LUCRECE must I force to my desire.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate.
The daungers of his lothsome enterprise:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise.
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controlls his thoughts unjust.

163. *sleep*: misprint 1 Q.

168. *wakes*: wake-MALONE.

LUCRECE

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not 190
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
 And die unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleannesse, that which is devine:
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
 Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
 That spots & stains loves modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,
 O foule dishonor to my housholds grave:
 O impious act including all foule harmes.
 A martiall man to be soft fancies slave, 200
 True valour still a true respect should have,
 Then my digression¹ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face. ¹*transgression*

Yea though I die the scandale will survive,
 And be an eie sore in my golden coate:
 Some lothsome dash the Herralde will contrive,
 To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:
 That my posteritie sham'd with the note
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,
 To wish that I their father had not beene. 210

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
 A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
 Or sels eternitie to get a toy?
 For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
 Would with the scepter straight be stroken down?

217. *stroken*: *strucken*-6-8Q.

LUCRECE

If COLATINUS dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying vertue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?
Wil not my tongue be mute, my fraile joints shake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my false hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie, 230
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINUS kild my sonne or sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might have excuse to worke uppon his wife:
As in revenge or quittall of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in loving, 240
Ile beg her love: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall and reprooving.
My will is strong past reasons weake remooving:
Who feares a sentence or an old mans saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

LUCRECE

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sence for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
 All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,
 That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,
Where her beloved COLATINUS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour rise!
 First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,
 Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt, 260
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Untill her husbands welfare shee did heare.
Whereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,
 That had NARCISSUS seene her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses.
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches have remorse in poore abuses,
Love thrives not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth. 271
 And when his gaudie banner is displaide,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

LUCRECE

Then childish feare avaunt, debating die,
 Respect and reason waite on wrinkled age:
 My heart shall never countermand mine eie;
 Sad pause, and deepe regard beseemes the sage,
 My part is youth and beates these from the stage.
 Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prise, 279
 Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare
 Is almost choakt by unresisted lust:
 Away he steales with open listning eare,
 Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which as servitors to the unjust,
 So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
 That now he vowes a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,
 That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits, 290
 That eye which him beholdes, as more devine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline;
 But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who flattred by their leaders jocound show,
 Stuffe up his lust: as minutes fill up howres.
 And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute then they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
 The Romane Lord marcheth to LUCRECE bed.

277. *beseemes*: *beseem*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
 Ech one by him inforst retires his ward:
 But as they open they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping theefe to some regard,
 The threshold grates the doore to have him heard,
 Night wandering weezels shreek to see him there
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

As each unwilling portall yeelds him way,
 Through little vents and cranies of the place, 310
 The wind warres with his torch, to make him staie,
 And blowes the smoake of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case.
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 LUCRECIAS glove, wherein her needle sticks,
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
 As who should say, this glove to wanton trickes 320
 Is not inur'd; retorne againe in hast,
 Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chast.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst sence consters their deniall:
 The dores, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
 He takes for accidentall things of triall.
 Or as those bars which stop the hourelly diall, ^{1 stop}
 Who with a lingring staie his course doth let,¹
 Till everie minute payes the howre his debt.

LUCRECE

So so, quoth he, these lets¹ attend the time, 330
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To ad a more rejoying to the prime, ¹ *hindrances*
 And give the sneaped² birds more cause to sing.
 Pain payes the income of ech precious thing,
 Huge rocks high winds, strong pirats, shelves and
 sands | ² *frost-nipped*
 The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber dore,
 That shuts him from the Heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
 Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought. 340
 So from himselfe impiety hath wrought,
 That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
 As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in thc midst of his unfruitfull prayer,
 Having solicited th'eternall power,
 That his foule thoughts might compasse his fair faire,
 And they would stand auspicious to the howre.
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act? 350

Then Love and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
 My will is backt with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.
 Against loves fire, feares frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of Heaven is out, and mistie night
 Covers the shame that followes sweet delight.

LUCRECE

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt up the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The dove sleeps fast that this night-Owle will catch.
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied. 361
Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treason is his heart mis led,
Which gives the watch-word to his hand fulsoon,
To draw the clowd that hides the silver Moon. 371

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight:
Even so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that shee reflects so bright,
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darkesome prison died,
Then had they seene the period of their ill: 380
Then COLATINE againe by LUCRECE side,
In his cleare bed might have reposed still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,
And holie-thoughted LUCRECE to their sight,
Must sell her joy, her life, her worlds delight.

LUCRECE

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies under,
 Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
 Betweene whose hils her head intombd is; 390
 Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene coverlet whose perfect white
 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie! 401
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
 Ech in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like Ivory globes circled with blew,
 A paire of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truely honored. 410
 These worlds in TARQUIN new ambition bred,
 Who like a fowle usurper went about,
 From this faire throne to heave the owner out.

394. semicolon after *coverlet* (comma-QUARLES)-MALONE.

LUCRECE

What could he see but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
 With more then admiration he admired
 Her azure vaines, her alabaster skinne,
 Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. 420

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
 Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
 So ore this sleeping soule doth TARQUIN stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slakt, not supprest, for standing by her side,
 His eye which late this mutiny restraines,
 Unto a greater uprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting; 430
 Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
 Anon his beating heart allarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge, & bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheares up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand as proud of such a dignitie,
 Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand
 On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale.
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale. 441

419. *alabaster*: *alabaster*-6Q.

440. comma after *scale*-QUARLES.

LUCRECE

They mustering to the quiet Cabinet,
Where their deare governesse and ladie lies,
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt up eyes,
Who peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking, 450
That thinks shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets evrie joint a shaking,
What terror tis: but shee in worser taking,
From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror trew.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,
Like to a new kild bird shee trembling lies:
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke-shifting Antiques uglie in her eyes.
“Such shadowes are the weake-brains forgeries, 460
Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts them with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remaines upon her brest,
(Rude Ram to batter such an Ivorie wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distrest,
Wounding it selfe to death, rise up and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pittie,
To make the breach and enter this sweet Citty.

LUCRECE

First like a Trompet doth his tongue begin, 470
To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,
Who ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash allarme to know,
Which he by dum demeanor seekes to show.
But shee with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale. 480
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred. 490

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.
But Will is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or duety.

LUCRECE

I have debated even in my soule,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal breed,
But nothing can affections course controull, 500
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.
I know repentant teares insewe the deed,
 Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
Which like a Faulcon tousing in the skies,
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So under his insulting Fauchion lies
 Harmelesse LUCRETIA marking what he tels, 510
 With trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcons bels.

LUCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpose to destroie thee.
That done, some worthlesse slave of thine ile slay.
To kill thine Honour with thy lives decaie.
 And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
 Swearing I slue him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remaine
The scornfull marke of everie open eye, 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;
And thou the author of their obloquie,
 Shalt have thy trespasse cited up in rimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

LUCRECE

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault unknowne, is as a thought unacted,
 "A little harme done to a great good end,
 For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
 'The poysonous simple sometime is compacted 530
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,
 Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no devise can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot:
 Worse then a slavish wipe,¹ or birth howrs blot,
 For markes discried in mens nativitie, ^{1 brand}
 Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here with a Cockeatrice dead killing eye, 540
 He rowseth up himselfe, and makes a pause,
 While shee the picture of pure pietie,
 Like a white Hinde under the grypes² sharpe clawes,
 Pleades in a wilderness where are no lawes, ^{2griffin's}
 To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,
 Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,
 In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:
 From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blow these pitchie vapours from their bidding:
 Hindring their present fall by this deviding. 551
 So his unhallowed hast her words delays,
 And moodie PLUTO winks while Orpheus playes.

530. *sometime*: sometimes-6-8Q.

540. *dead killing*: dead-killing-3-4Q.

550. *blow*: blows-MALONE.

LUCRECE

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pateth,
 Her sad behaviour feedes his vulture follie,
 A swallowing gulfe that even in plentie wanteth.
 His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her playning,
 Tears harden lust though marble were with ray-
 ning. | 560

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed
 In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.
 Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,
 Which to her Oratorie addes more grace.
 Shee puts the period often from his place,
 And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,
 That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She conjures him by high Almighty love,
 By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships oth,
 By her untimely teares, her husbands love, 570
 By holie humaine law, and common troth,
 By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both:
 That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
 And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,
 With such black payment, as thou hast pretended,
 Mudde not the fountaine that gave drinke to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
 End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.
 He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow, 580
 To strike a poore unseasonable Doe.

555. *pateth*: *panteth*-2-8Q.

LUCRECE

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine own sake leave me:
My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me.
My sighes like whirlwindes labor hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with womans mones,
Be moved with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart, 590
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQUINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the Host of Heaven I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his honor, woundst his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same, 600
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;
For kings like Gods should governe every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outrageous thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

LUCRECE

This deede will make thee only lov'd for feare, 610
But happie Monarchs still are feard for love:
With fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences prove;
If but for feare of this, thy will remove.
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
Where subjects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame? 620
To priviledge dishonor in thy name.
Thou backst reproch against long-living lawd,
And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gave it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.
Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?
When patternd by thy fault fowle sin may say,
He learnd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were, 631
To view thy present trespassse in another:
Mens faults do seldome to themselves appeare,
Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,
This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

LUCRECE

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeale,
 Not to seducing lust thy rash relier:
 I sue for exil'd majesties repeale, 640
 Let him returne, and flattrng thoughts retire.
 His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide
 Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.
 Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the winde in greater furie fret:
 The petty streames that paie a dailie det
 To their salt soveraigne with their fresh fals hast, 650
 Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soveraigne King,
 And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
 Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, mis-governing,
 Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
 If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddels wombe is hersed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be King, and thou their slave,
 Thou noblie base, they baselie dignified: 660
 Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler grave:
 Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,
 But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

LUCRECE

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,
No more quoth he, by Heaven I will not heare thee.
Yeeld to my love, if not inforced hate.
In steed of loves coy tutch shall rudelie teare thee.
That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee 670
 Unto the base bed of some rascali groome,
 To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote uppon the light,
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseene, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
 Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares, 680
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest teares,
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,
 The spots whereof could weeping purifie,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentarie joy breeds months of paine, 690
This hot desire converts to colde disdain;
 Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,
 And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

666. dash after state—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,
Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So surfet-taking TARQUIN fares this night:
His tast delicious, in digestion sowing,
Devoures his will that liv'd by fowle devouring. 700

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt
Ere he can see his owne abhomination.
While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
Till like a Jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lanke, and leane discolour'd cheeke,
With heaue eye, knit-brow, and strengthlesse pace,
Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke, 710
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels, and when that decaies,
The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased,
For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,
To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares, 720
To aske the spotted Princesse how she fares.

711. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

LUCRECE

Shee sayes her subjects with fowle insurrection,
Have battered downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in subjection
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
To living death and payne perpetuall.

Wlnch in her prescience shee controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Ev'n in this thought through the dark-night he stcaleth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine, 730
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scarre that will dispight of Cure remaine,
Leaving his spoile perplex in greater paine.
Shee beares the lode of lust he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theevish dog creeps sadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.
He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare; 740
Shee staies exclayming on the direfull night,
He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
Shee there remaines a hopelesse cast-away,
He in his speed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prayes shee never may behold the day.
For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practiz'd how
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

727. *Wlnch*: misprint for *Which*, 1Q.

LUCRECE

They thinke not but that everie eye can see, 750
The same disgrace which they themselves behold:
And therefore would they still in darknesse be,
To have their unseene sinne remaine untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave like water that doth eate in steele,
Uppon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclames against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde 760
Some purer chest, to close so pure a minde.
Franticke with grieve thus breaths shee forth her spite,
Against the unseene secrecie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
Dim register, and notarie of shame,
Blacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nourse of blame.
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harber for defame,
Grim cave of death, whispring conspirator,
With close-tong'd treason & the ravisher. 770

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:
Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

LUCRECE

With rotten damps ravish the morning aire,
Let their exhald unholdsome breaths make sicke
The life of puritie, the supreme faire, 780
Ere he arrive his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,
That in their smoakie rankes, his smothred light
May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQUIN night, as he is but nights child,
The silver shining Queene he would distaine;
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
Through nights black bosom shuld not peep again.
So should I have copartners in my paine,
And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage, 790
As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showres of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my greef with grones,
Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
Let not the jealous daie behold that face, 800
Which underneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

787. to: too—7-8Q.

LUCRECE

Make me not object to the tell-tale day,
 The light will shew characterd in my brow,
 The storie of sweete chastities decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
 Yea the illiterate that know not how 810
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 Will cote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The nurse to still her child will tell my storie,
 And fright her crying babe with TARQUINS name.
 The Orator to decke his oratorie,
 Will couple my reproch to TARQUINS shame.
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend ech line,
 How TARQUIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation, 820
 For COLATINES deare love be kept unspotted:
 If that be made a theame for disputation,
 The branches of another roote are rotted;
 And undeserv'd reproch to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O unscene shame, invisible disgrace,
 O unfelt sore, crest-wounding privat scarre!
 Reproch is stamp't in COLATINUS face,
 And TARQUINS eye maie read the mot a farre, 830
 "How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
 "Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,
 Which not themselves but he that gives them knowes.

812. *cote*: quote—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Have no perfection of my sommer left,
But rob'd and ransak't by injurious theft.
 In thy weake Hive a wandring waspe hath crept,
 And suck't the Honnie which thy chast Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke, 841
Yet for thy Honor did I entertainc him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beene dishonor to disdaine him,
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,
 And talk't of Vertue (O unlook't for evill,)
 When Vertue is prophand in such a Devill.

Why should the worrne intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull Kuckcows hatch in Sparrows nests?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud? 850
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle brests?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?
 “ But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impuritie doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still pining TANTALUS he sits,
And uselesse barnes the harvest of his wits:
 Having no other pleasure of his gaine, 860
 But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

LUCRECE

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be maistred by his yong:
Who in their pride do presently abuse it,
Their father was too weake, and they too strong
To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.
“ The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed sowrs,
“ Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unholsome weeds take roote with precious flowrs, 870
The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,
What Vertue breedes Iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or else his quality.

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the traytors treason:
Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who ever plots the sinne thou pointst the season.
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason, 880
And in thy shadie Cell where none may spie him,
Sits sin to ceaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,
Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,
Thou smotherst honestie, thou murthrest troth,
Thou fowle abbetor, thou notorious bawd,
Thou plantest scandall, and displacest lawd.
Thou ravisher, thou traytor, thou false theefe
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy joy to greefe.

877. *execut'st*: *executest*—CAMBRIDGE.

879. *pointst*: *'point'st*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame, 890
Thy private feasting to a publicke fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood tast,
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?
Give phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained? 901
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for
thee, |
But they nere meet with oportunitie.

The patient dies while the Phisitian sleeps,
The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.
Justice is feasting while the widow weepes.
Advise is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murthers rages,
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

When Trueth and Vertue have to do with thee, 911
A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:
They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere gives a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.
My COLATINE would else have come to me,
When TARQUIN did, but he was staied by thee.

LUCRECE

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of perjurie, and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift, 920
Guilty of incest that abhomination,
An accessarie by thine inclination.

To sinnes past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Misshapen time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grieslie care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight:
Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.
Thou noursest all, and murthrest all that are.
O heare me then, injurious shifting time, 930
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant opportunity
Betraide the howres thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancelld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endlesse date of never-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate up errorrs by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To unmaske falshood, and bring truth to light, 940
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And smeare with dust their glitring golden towrs.

LUCRECE

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient ravens wings,
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:
 To spoile Antiquities of hammerd steele, 951
 And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To slay the tygre that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the Unicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,
 To cheare the Plowman with increasefull crops,
 And wast huge stones with little water drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage, 960
Unlesse thou could'st returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad detters lends,
 O this dread night, would'st thou one howr come
 backe, |
 I could prevent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternitic,
With some mischance crosse TARQUIN in his flight.
Devise extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curse this cursed crimefull night: 970
Let gastly shadowes his lewd eyes affright,
 And the dire thought of his committed evill,
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devill.

LUCRECE

Disturbe his howres of rest with restlesse trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,
Let there bechaunce him pitifull mischances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,
And let milde women to him loose their mildnesse,
Wilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse. 980

Let him have time to teare his curled haire,
Let him have time against himselfe to rave,
Let him have time of times helpe to dispaire,
Let him have time to live a lothed slave,
Let him have time a beggers orts to crave,
And time to see one that by almes doth live,
Disdaine to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:
Let him have time to marke how slow time goes 990
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of follie, and his time of sport.
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to waile th' abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seecke everie howre to kill,
Such wretched hands such wretched blood shuld spill.
For who so base would such an office have, 1000
As scandrous deaths-man to so base a slave.

975. *bedred*: *bed-rid*—LINTOTT.

LUCRECE

The baser is he comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblacke wings in mire,
And unperceavd flie with the filth away, 1010
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine uppon his silver Downe will stay.
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoted wheresoere they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd uppon with everie eye.

Out idle wordes, servants to shallow fooles,
Unprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
Busie your selves in skill contending schooles,
Debate where leysure serves with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators, 1020
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
At time, at TARQUIN, and unchearefull night,
In vaine I cavill with mine infamie,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,
This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

LUCRECE

Poore hand why quiverst thou at this decree? 1030
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
 For if I die, my Honor lives in thee,
 But if I live thou liv'st in my defame;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,
 Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombled couch shee starteth,
 To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,
 But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath, 1040
 Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth,
 As smoake from *ÆTNA*, that in aire consumes,
 Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In vaine (quoth shee) I live, and seeke in vaine
 Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.
 I fear'd by *TARQUINS* Fauchion to be slaine,
 Yet for the self same purpose seeke a knife;
 But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
 So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
 Of that true tipe hath *TARQUIN* rifled me. 1050

O that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not feare to die,
 To cleare this spot by death (at least) I give
 A badge of Fame to sclanders liverie,
 A dying life, to living infamie:
 Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,
 To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

1037. *betombled*: *betumbled*—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Well well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graffe shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
And with my trespasse never will dispence, 1070
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,
My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluces,
As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,
Shal gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow, 1080
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LUCRECE shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

LUCRECE

Revealing day through every crannie spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
 To whom shee sobbing speakes, o eye of eyes,
 Why pry'st thou throug my window? leave thy pee-
 ping, | 1089
 Mock with thy tickling beams, eies that are sleeping;
 Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils shee with everie thing she sees,
 True grieve is fond and testie as a childe,
 Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees,
 Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
 Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
 Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care, 1100
 Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,
 And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
 No object but her passions strength renewes:
 And as one shiftes another straight insewes,
 Sometime her grieve is dumbe and hath no words,
 Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,
 Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,
 "For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
 "Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie, 1110
 "Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie;
 "True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd
 "When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

LUCRECE

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
 To see the salve doth make the wound ake more:
 Great grieve greeves most at that wold do it good;
 Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes,
 Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes. 1120

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
 Within your hollow swelling feathered brests,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
 My restlesse discord loves no stops nor rests:
 "A woefull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.
 Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing cares,
 "Distres likes dumps when time is kept with teares.

Come Philomele that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my disheveld heare,
 As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment; 1130
 So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,
 And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:
 For burthen-wife ile hum on TARQUIN still,
 While thou on TEREUS descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,
 To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
 Who if it winke shall thereon fall and die.
 These meanes as frets upon an instrument, 1140
 Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

1126. *Ralish*: Relish—5-8Q.

1129. *beare*: hair (haire)—7Q. (QUARLES, 1655).

1134. *descants*: descantst—1 SEWELL.

LUCRECE

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming anie eye should thee behold:
 Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,
 That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
 Will wee find out: and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to flie, 1150
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readilie:
 So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,
 To live or die which of the twaine were better,
 When life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,
 But with my body my poore soules pollution?
 They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,
 Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
 That mother tries a mercillesse conclusion, 1160
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?
 When the one pure, the other made devine,
 Whose love of eyther to my selfe was nearer?
 When both were kept for Heaven and COLATINE:
 Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,
 So must my soule her barke being pild away.

1155. *reproches*: reproach's—DYCE.

1167, 1169. *pild*: peel'd—LINTOTT.

LUCRECE

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted, 1170
Her mansion batterd by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Groslic ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
If in this blemisht fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Have heard the cause of my untimelie death,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath, 1180
My stained bloud to TARQUIN ile bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my bodie so dishonored,
Tis Honor to deprive dishonord life,
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,
For in my death I murther shamefull scorne,
My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne. 1190

Deare Lord of that deare jewell I have lost,
What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution love shall be thy bost,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How TARQUIN must be us'd, read it in me,
My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy fo,
And for my sake serve thou false TARQUIN so.

LUCRECE

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
 My soule and bodie to the skies and ground:
 My resolution Husband doe thou take, 1200
 Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
 My shame be his that did my Fame confound;
 And all my Fame that lives disbursed be,
 To those that live and thinke no shame of me.

Thou COLATINE shalt oversee this will,
 How was I overseene that thou shalt see it?
 My bloud shall wash the sclander of mine ill,
 My lives foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.
 Faint not faint heart, but stoutlie say so be it,
 Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be. 1211

This plot of death when sadlie shee had layd,
 And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eies,
 With untun'd tongue shee hoarslie cals her mayd,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.
 "For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoghts feathers flies,
 Poore LUCRECE cheeks unto her maid seem so,
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth give demure good morrow,
 With soft slow-tongue, true marke of modestie, 1220
 And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,
 (For why her face wore sorrowes liverie.)
 But durst not aske of her audaciouslie,
 Why her two suns were clowd ecclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire cheeks over-washt with woe.

1201. *knifes*: knife's—2LINTOTT (GILDON).

1220. *soft slow-tongue*: soft-slow tongue—MALONE.

LUCRECE

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eien inforst, by simpathie
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie, 1230
Who in a salt wav'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,
Like Ivorie conduits corall cesterns filling:
One justlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
Greeving themselves to gesse at others smart,
And then they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men have marble, women waxen mindes, 1240
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe shall be accounted evill,
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a Devill.

Their smoothnesse; like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne grove remaine.
Cave keeping evils that obscurely sleepe. 1250
Through christall wals ech little mote will peepe,
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

LUCRECE

No man inveigh against the withered flowre,
 But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
 Not that devour'd but that which doth devour
 Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
 Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild
 With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
 Make weak made women tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LUCRECE view, 1261
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might insue.
 By that her death to do her husband wrong,
 Such danger to resistance did belong:
 That dying feare through all her bodie spred,
 And who cannot abuse a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LUCRECE speake,
 To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
 My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake 1270
 Those tears from thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-
 ning? |

If thou dost weepe for grieffe of my sustaining:
 Know gentle wench it small availes my mood,
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,
 Till after a deepe grone) TARQUIN from hence,
 Madame, ere I was up (repli'd the maide,)
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
 Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispençe:
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day, 1280
 And ere I rose was TARQUIN gone away.

1261. *president: precedent*—GILDON.

LUCRECE

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,
Shee would request to know your heavinesse:
(O peace quoth LUCRECE) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is, then I can well expresse,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet save that labour, for I have them heare, 1290
(What should I say) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Love, my Deare,
Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,
The cause craves hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,
First hovering ore the paper with her quill:
Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,
What wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill, 1300
Much like a presse of people at a dore,
Throng her inventions which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that unworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t'afford
(If ever love, thy LUCRECE thou wilt see,)
Some present speede, to come and visite me:
So I commend me, from our house in grieve,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieve.

LUCRECE

Here folds shee up the tenure of her woe, 1310
 Her certaine sorrow writ uncertainly,
 By this short Cedula COLATINE may know
 Her grieffe, but not her griefes true quality,
 Shee dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,
 Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
 Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
 When sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her 1320
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might becom them better.

To see sad sights, moves more then heare them told,
 For then the eye interpretes to the eare
 The heavie motion that it doth behold,
 When everie part a part of woe doth beare.
 Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
 Deep sounds make lesser noise then shallow foords,
 And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ 1331
 At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
 The Post attends, and shee delivers it,
 Charging the sower-fac'd groome, to high as fast
 As lagging fowles before the Northerne blast,
 Speede more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

1310. *tenure*: *tenour*-MALONE.

1334. *bigb*: *hie*-7Q. (QUARLES, 1655).

LUCRECE

The homelie villaine cursies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receaves the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
 And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
 Imagine everie eye beholds their blame,
 For LUCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

When seelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
 Of spirite, life, and bold audacitie,
 Such harmlesse creatures have a true respect
 To talke in deeds, while others faucilie
 Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.
 Even so the patterne of this worne-out age, 1350
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
 Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQUINS lust,
 And blushing with him, wistlie on him gazed,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.
 The more shee saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,
 And yet the dutious vassal scarce is gone, 1360
 The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,
 So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
 That shee her complaints a little while doth stay,
 Pawsing for means to mourne some newer way.

1338. *cursies*: court'sies—SEWELL.

1350. *the patterne of this*: this pattern of the—2-8Q.

LUCRECE

At last shee cald to mind where hangs a peece
 Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For HELENS rape, the Cittie to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy, 1370
 Which the conceived Painter drew so prow'd,
 As Heaven (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorne of Nature, Art gave livelesse life,
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping teare,
 Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.
 The red bloud reek'd to shew the Painters strife,
 And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,
 Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner 1380
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
 And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare
 The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing uppon the Greekes with little lust,¹ ¹*pleasure*
 Such sweet observance in this worke was had,
 That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Majestie,
 You might behold triumphing in their faces,
 In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie, ²*nerveless*
 And here and there the Painter interlaces 1390
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
 Which hartlesse² peasaunts did so wel resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake & tremble.

1374. *livelesse*: lifeless—GILDON. 1380. *Pyoner*: pioner—7-8Q.
 1386. *farre of*: far off—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

In AJAX and ULYSSES, ô what Art
 Of Physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,
 Their face, their manners most expreslie told,
 In AJAX eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
 But the mild glance that slie ULYSSES lent,
 Shewed deepe regard and smiling government. 1400

There pleading might you see grave NESTOR stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
 In speech it seemd his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and downe, and from his lips did flie,
 Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the skie.

About him were a presse of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
 All joyntlie listning, but with severall graces, 1410
 As if some Marmaide did their eares intice,
 Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.¹
 The scalpes of manie almost hid behind, ^{1careful}
 To jump up higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head, ^{2swollen}
 His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
 Here one being throng'd bears back all boln,² & red,
 Another smotherd, seemes to pelt³ and sweare,
 And in their rage such signes of rage they beare, 1419
 As but for losse of NESTORS golden words, ^{3exclaim}
 It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords.

LUCRECE

For much imaginarie worke was there,
 Concept deceitfull, so compact so kinde,
 That for ACHILLES image stood his speare
 Grip't in an Armed hand, himselfe behind
 Was left unseene, save to the eye of mind,
 A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, 1429
 When their brave hope, bold HECTOR march'd to field,
 Stood manie Trojan mothers sharing joy,
 To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,
 And to their hope such odde action yeeld,
 That through their light joy seemed to appeare,
 (Like bright things staind) a kind of heavie feare.

And from the strond of DARDAN where they fought,
 To SIMOIS reedie bankes the red bloud ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battaile sought
 With swelling ridges, and their rankes began
 To breake uppon the galled shore, and than 1440
 Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
 They joine, & shoot their fome at SIMOIS bancks.

To this well painted peece is LUCRECE come,
 To find a face where all distresse is steld,¹ ¹*placed*
 Manie shee sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,
 Till shee dispayring HECUBA beheld,
 Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under PIRRHUS proud foot lies.

LUCRECE

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd 1450
 Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares rain,
 Her cheeks with chops and wringles were disguiz'd,
 Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:
 Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in everie vaine,
 Wanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had
 fed, |
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead.

On this sad shadow LUCRECE spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes. 1460
 The Painter was no God to lend her those,
 And therefore LUCRECE swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,
 Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
 And drop sweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
 And raile on PIRRHUS that hath done him wrong;
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
 And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,
 Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies. 1470

Shew me the strumpet that began this stur,
 That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
 Thy heat of lust fond PARIS did incur
 This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
 And here in Troy for trespasse of thine eye,
 The Sire, the sonne, the Dane and daughter die.

1452. *chops: chaps*—7-8Q.

LUCRECE

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
 Let sinne alone committed, light alone 1480
 Uppon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe,
 For ones offence why should so many fall?
 To plague a private sinne in generall.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,
 Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLUS sounds,
 Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
 And one mans lust these manie lives confounds.
 Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire, 1490
 TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
 For sorrow, like a heauiie hanging Bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
 So LUCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
 To penceld pensivenes, & colour'd sorrow,
 She lends them words, & she their looks doth borrow,
 row, |

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
 And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament: 1500
 At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shewd content,
 Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

1486. *sounds: swounds*—MALONE. 1500. *who: whom*—GILDON.

LUCRECE

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmlesse show
 An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,
 A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome wo,
 Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so, 1510
 That blushing red, no guiltie instance gave,
 Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed Devill,
 He entertain'd a show, so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconc't his secret evill,
 That Jealousie it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping Craft, and Perjurie should thrust
 Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,
 Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew 1520
 For perjur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie
 The credulous old PRIAM after slew.
 Whose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
 Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were sorie
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glas fel, wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture shee advisedly perus'd
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
 Saying, some shape in SINONS was abusd,
 So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill, 1530
 And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,
 That shee concludes, the Picture was belied.

LUCRECE

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
 (Shee would have said) can lurke in such a looke:
 But TARQUINS shape, came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, she in that sence forsooke,
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a face should beare a wicked mind. 1540

For even as subtile SINON here is painted,
 So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,
 (As if with griefe or travaile he had fainted)
 To me came TARQUIN armed to beguile
 With outward honesty, but yet defild
 With inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:
 So did I TARQUIN, so my Troy did perish.

Looke looke how listning PRIAM wets his eyes,
 To see those borrowed teares that SINON sheeds,
 Priam why art thou old, and yet not wise? 1550
 For everie teare he fals a Trojan bleeds:
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pitty,
 Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Devils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,
 For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
 These contraries such unitie do hold,
 Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
 So PRIAMS trust false SINONS teares doth flatter, 1560
 That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

1544. *armed to beguile*: armed; so beguiled—GILDON, MALONE

1549. *sheeds*: sheds—3, 5-8Q.

LUCRECE

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
Shee tears the sencelesse SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that unhappie guest,
Whose deede hath made herselfe, herselfe detest,
At last shee smilingly with this gives ore,
Foole fool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow, 1569
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,
Though wo be heavie, yet it seldome sleepes,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipt her thought,
That shee with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent: 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To thinke their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie,
Who finds his LUCRECE clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-distained eye
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain bows in the skie,
These watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

LUCRECE

Which when her sad beholding husband saw, 1590
 Amazedlie in her sad face he stares: ^{1 seethed}
 Her eyes though sod¹ in tears lookd red and raw,
 Her livelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
 He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,
 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
 And thus begins: what uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallne, that thou doth trembling stand?
 Sweet love what spite hath thy faire colour spent? 1600
 Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
 Unmaske deare deare, this moodie heavinesse,
 And tell thy grieve, that we may give redresse.

Three times with sighes she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know
 Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,
 While COLATINE and his consorted Lords,
 With sad attention long to heare her words. 1610

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,
 Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,
 Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespasse best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
 In me moe woes then words are now depending,
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

LUCRECE

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay, 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head,
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LUCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
With shining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my love, else lasting shame,
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loves desire do contradict.

1630

For some hard favour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
 Unlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will
 Ile murther straight, and then ile slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfill
 The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
 The lechors in their deed, this Act will be
 My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword, 1640
Swearing unlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not live to speake another word.
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mightie Roome
Th' adulterat death of LUCRECE, and her Groome.

1626. *Fauchion*: falchion—MALONE.

1640. set: sets-2-8Q.

1644. *Roome*: Rome-3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloudie Judge forbod my tongue to speake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Justice there.
His scarlet Lust came evidence to sweare 1650
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grosse bloud be staind with this abuse,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse, 1660
With head declin'd and voice dam'd up with wo,
With sad set eyes and wretched armes acrossed,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.
But wretched as he is he strives in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his hast:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast: 1670
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,
Even so his sighes, his sorrows make a saw,
To push griefe on, and back the same grief draw.

1648. *forbod*: forbade-3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Which speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,
And his untimelie frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining slaketh,
My woe too sencible thy passion maketh
 More feeling painfull, let it than suffice
 To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes. 1680

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For shee that was thy LUCRECE, now attend me,
Be sodainelie revenged on my Foe.
Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,
 “ For sparing Justice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me, 1690
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire designe,
 To chase injustice with revengefull armes,
 Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies
 harmes. |

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present Lord began to promise aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,
 The protestation stops, ô speake quoth shee, 1700
 How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

1679 *feeling painfull: feeling-painful*—SEWELL.

LUCRECE

What is the qualitie of my offence
 Being constrain'd with dreadfull circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the fowle act dispence
 My low declined Honor to advance?
 May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
 The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,
 And why not I from this compelled staine?

With this they all at once began to saie,
 Her bodies staine, her mind untainted cleares, 1710
 While with a joylesse smile, shee turnes awaie
 The face, that map which deepe impression beares
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd it in with tears.
 No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claime excuses giving.

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,
 Shee throwes forth TARQUINS name: he he, she saies,
 But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,
 Till after manie accents and delaies,
 Untimelie breathings, sicke and short assaies, 1720
 Shee utters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmlesse brest
 A harmfull knife, that thence her soule unsheathed,
 That blow did baile it from the deepe unrest
 Of that polluted prison, where it breathed;
 Her contrite sighes unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, & through her wounds doth flie
 Lives lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

1713. *it in:* in it—MALONE.

1715. *excuses:* excuse's—MALONE.

1729. *Lives:* Life's—3-8Q.

LUCRECE

Stone still, astonisht with this deadlie deed, 1730
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
Till LUCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,
And from the purple fountaine BRUTUS drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood in poore revenge, held it in chase.

And bubling from her brest, it doth deuide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her bodie in on everie side,
Who like a late sack't Iland vastlie stood 1740
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And som look'd black, & that false TARQUIN stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke blood, a watrie rigoll¹ goes, ^{1circle}
Which seemes to weep upon the tainted place,
And ever since as pittying LUCRECE woes,
Corrupted blood, some waterie token showes,
And blood untainted, still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified. 1750

Daughter, deare daughter, old LUCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
Where shall I live now LUCRECE is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children praedecease progenitours,
We are their offspring and they none of ours.

LUCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,
 But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old 1760
 Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
 O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,
 And shiverd all the beautie of my glasse,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive:
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the foultring feeble soules alive?
 The old Bees die, the young possesse their hive,
 Then live sweet LUCRECE, live againe and see 1770
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame,
 And bids LUCRECIUS give his sorrow place,
 And than in key-cold LUCRECE bleeding streame
 He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
 And counterfaits to die with her a space.
 Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
 Hath serv'd a dumbe arrest upon his tongue, 1780
 Who mad that sorrow should his use controll,
 Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
 Weake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

1768. *foultring*: *faltering*—MALONE.

LUCRECE

Yet sometime TARQUIN was pronounced plaine,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
 This windie tempest, till it blow up raine,
 Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.
 At last it raines, and busie windes give ore, 1790
 Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,
 Who shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
 The father saies, shee's mine, ô mine shee is
 Replies her husband, do not take away
 My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
 He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,
 And onelie must be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O, quoth LUCRETIVS, I did give that life 1800
 Which shee to earely and too late hath spil'd
 Woe, woe, quoth COLATINE, shee was my wife,
 I owed her, and tis mine that shee hath kild.
 My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
 The disperst aire, who holding LUCRECE life,
 Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who pluck't the knife from LUCRECE side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in LUCRECE wound his follies show, 1810
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As seelie jeering idiots are with Kings,
 For sportive words, and uttring foolish things.

1801. to .. too: too .. too-4-8Q.

1812. *seelie jeering*: silly-jeering-MALONE.

LUCRECE

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
Wherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,
And arm'd his long hid wits advisedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINUS eies.
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,
Let my unsounded selfe suppos'd a foole,
Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole. 1820

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or grieve helpe greivous
deeds? |
Is it revenge to give thy selfe a blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
To slaie her selfe that should have slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart
In such relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part, 1830
To rowse our Romaine Gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abhominations.
(Since Rome her self in them doth stand disgraced,)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chast bloud so unjustlie stained,
By heavens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chast LUCRECE soule that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloudie knife, 1840
We will revenge the death of this true wife

LUCRECE

This sayd, he strooke his hand upon his breast
And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then joyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRUTUS made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this advised doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LUCRECE thence, 1850
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And so to publish TARQUINS fowle offence;
Which being done, with speedie diligence,
The Romaines plausibly did give consent,
To TARQUINS everlasting banishment.

FINIS.

SHAKE-SPEARES
SONNETS

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

BY *G. Eld* FOR *T. T.* AND ARE
TO BE SOLDE BY *William Aspley.*

1609.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSUING. SONNETS.
M^r. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY
OUR. EVER-LIVING POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.



SHAKE-SPEARES

S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling
at Christ Church gate.

1609.

SHAKE-SPEARES,

SONNETS.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
'Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy spring, 10
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorle makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.

2

When fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud livery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:

2. 4. *totter'd: tatter'd*—GILDON.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
 To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauties use,
 If thou couldst answer this faire child of mine 10
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
 Prooving his beautie by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
 And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could.

3

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
 Now is the time that face should forme an other,
 Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,
 Thou doo'st beguile the world, unblesse some mother.
 For where is she so faire whose un-eard wombe
 Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
 Of his selfe love to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely Aprill of her prime, 10
 So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
 Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.

But if thou live remembred not to be,
 Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty lovelinesse why dost thou spend,
 Upon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?
 Natures bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
 And being franck she lends to those are free:

2. 10-11. marked as quotation: 'This faire .. excuse'—MALONE.
 14. *could*: cold—EVANS.

SONNETS

Then beautilous nigard why doost thou abuse,
 The bountious largesse given thee to give?
 Profitles userer why doost thou use
 So great a summe of summes yet can'st not live?
 For having traffike with thy selfe alone,
 Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceave, 10
 Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable *Audit* can'st thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which used lives th'executor to be.

5

Those howers that with gentle worke did frame,
 The lovely gaze there every eye doth dwell
 Will play the tirants to the very same,
 And that unfaire which fairely doth excell:
 For never resting time leads Summer on,
 To hidious winter and confounds him there,
 Sap checkt with frost and lustie leav's quite gon.
 Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes every where,
 Then were not summers distillation left
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse, 10
 Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was. ¹lose
 But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
 Leese¹ but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

6

Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
 Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
 With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:

5. 7. *leav's*: leaves—EDITION 1640.

6. 4. *beautits*: beauty's (beauties—EDITION 1640)—SEWELL.

SHAKE-SPEARES

That use is not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
 Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee, 10
 Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
 To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

7

Loe in the Orient when the gracious light,
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Serving with lookes his sacred majesty,
 And having climb'd the steepe up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
 But when from high-most pich with wery car,
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, 10
 The eyes (fore dutious) now converted are
 From his low tract and looke an other way:
 So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
 Unlok'd òn diest unlesse thou get a sonne.

8

Musick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
 Sweetes with sweets warre not, joy delights in joy:
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receavst not gladly,
 Or else receav'st with pleasure thine annoy?

6. 13. *selfe-wild*: self-will'd—GILDON.

SONNETS

If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
 By unions married do offend thine eare,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
 Marke how one string sweet husband to an other, .
 Strike each in each by mutuall ordering; 10
 Resembling sier, and child, and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee thou single wilt prove none.

9

Is it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
 That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
 Ah; if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,
 The world will waile thee like a makelesse¹ wife,
 The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepē,
 That thou no forme of thee hast left behind, ¹*mateless*
 When every privat widdow well may keepe,
 By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
 Looke what an unthrift in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world injoyes it 10
 But beauties waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unusde the user so destroyes it:
 No love toward others in that bosome sits
 That on himselfe such murtherous shame commits.

10

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any
 Who for thy selfe art so unprovident
 Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident:

8. 14. marked as quotation: 'Thou single wilt prove none'—MALONE.

10. 1. *For shame*: For shame!—SEWELL.

SHAKE-SPEARES

For thou art so possest with murderous hate,
 That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
 Seeking that beautilous rooffe to ruinate
 Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire:
 O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
 Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle love? 10
 Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
 Or to thy selfe at least kind harted prove,
 Make thee an other selfe for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
 And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth convertest,
 Herein lives wisdome, beauty, and increase,
 Without this follie, age, and could decay,
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescoore yeare would make the world away:
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, feature lesse, and rude, barrenly perrish, 10
 Looke whom she best indow'd, she gave the more;
 Which bountious guift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish,
 She carv'd thee for her seale, and ment therby,
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
 And see the brave day sunck in hidious night,
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls or silver'd ore with white:

11. 6. *could*: *cold*—GILDON (1714).

12. 4. *or silver'd ore*: all silver'd o'er—MALONE.

SONNETS

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopie the herd
 And Sommers greene all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the beare with white and bristly beard:
 Then of thy beauty do I question make
 That thou among the wastes of time must goe, 10
 Since sweets and beauties do them-selves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 And nothing gainst Times sieth can make defence
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

13

O that you were your selfe, but love you are
 No longer yours, then you your selfe here live,
 Against this cumming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination, then you were
 You selfe again after your selves decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
 Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold, 10
 Against the stormy gusts of winters day
 And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
 O none but unthrifts, deare my love you know,
 You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement plucke,
 And yet me thinkes I have Astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil lucke,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,

12. 8. *beare: bier*—GILDON (1714).
 GILDON.

12. 13. *sieth: scythe*—
 13. 7. *You selfe: Yourself*—EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
 Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
 Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
 By oft predict that I in heaven finde.
 But from thine eies my knowledge I derive,
 And constant stars in them I read such art 10
 As truth and beautie shal together thrive
 If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst convert:
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

When I consider every thing that growes
 Holds in perfection but a little moment.
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but showes
 Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheared and checkt even by the selfe-same skie:
 Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
 And were their brave state out of memory.
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, 10
 Where wastfull time debateth with decay
 To change your day of youth to sullied night,
 And all in war with Time for love of you
 As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
 Make warre uppon this bloudie tirant time?
 And fortifie your selfe in your decay
 With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres,

15. 8. *were: wear*—GILDON.

SONNETS

And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With vertuous wish would beare your living flowers,
 Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repaire
 Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen) 10
 Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
 Can make you live your selfe in eies of men,
 To give away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
 And you must live drawne by your owne sweet skill.

17

Who will beleewe my verse in time to come
 If it were fild with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe
 Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say this Poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue, 10
 And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
 And stretched miter of an Antique song.
 But were some childe of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice in it, and in my rime.

18

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Summers lease hath all too short a date:

17. 7-8. marked as quotation: 'This Poet .. faces '-COLLIER.

12. *miter*: meter-GILDON.

14. semicolon after twice-MALONE.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And every faire from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course untrim'd:
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st, 10
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee,

19

Devouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
 And make the earth devoure her owne sweet brood,
 Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers jawes,
 And burne the long liv'd Phænix in her blood,
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
 But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,
 O carve not with thy howers my loves faire brow,
 Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen, 10
 Him in thy course untainted doe allow,
 For beauties patterne to succeeding men.
 Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
 Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
 A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
 With shifting change as is false womens fashion,

18. 13. *breath*: breathe—MALONE.

SONNETS

An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:
 Gilding the object where-upon it gazeth,
 A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
 Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created,
 Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge, 10
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
 Mine be thy love and thy loves use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven it selfe for ornament doth use,
 And every faire with his faire doth reherse,
 Making a coopelment of proud compare
 With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
 With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
 That heavens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
 O let me true in love but truly write,
 And then beleeeve me, my love is as faire, 10
 As any mothers childe, though not so bright
 As those Gould candells fixt in heavens ayer:
 Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
 I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

22

My glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,
 But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.

21. 5. *coopelment*: *couplement*—MALONE. 21. 6. *seas*: *sea's*—
 EWING. 22. 3. *forrwes*: *furrows* (*fortowes*)—EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
 Which in thy brest doth live, as thine in me,
 How can I then be elder then thou art?
 O therefore love be of thy selfe so wary,
 As I not for thy selfe, but for thee will, 10
 Bearing my heart which I will keepe so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
 Thou gav'st me thine not to give backe againe.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his feare is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
 Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
 The perfect ceremony of loves right,
 And in mine owne loves strength seeme to decay,
 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loves might:
 O let my books be then the eloquence,
 And dumb presagers of my speaking brest, 10
 Who pleade for love, and look for recompence,
 More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ,
 To hear wit eies belongs to loves fine wiht.

24

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,¹
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
 My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
 And perspective it is best Painters art. ¹*placed*

23. 14. *wit* .. *wiht*: with .. wit—EDITION 1640.

24. 1. *steeld*: *stell'd*—DYCE.

24. 3. *ti's*: 'tis—GILDON.

SONNETS

For through the Painter must you see his skill,
To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy shape, and thine for me 10
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

Let those who are in favor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles bost,
Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars
Unlookt for joy in that I honour most;
Great Princes favorites their faire leaves spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-selves their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warriar famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild, 10
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whome in vassalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie strongly knit;
To thee I send this written ambassage
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.

25. 9. *worth: fight*—MALONE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
 May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
 But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
 In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
 Til whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with faire aspect, 10
 And puts apparrell on my tottered loving,
 To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
 Then may I dare to boast how I doe love thee,
 Til then, not show my head where thou maist prove me

27

Weary with toyle, I hast me to my bed,
 The deare repose for lims with travaill tired,
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee;
 And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
 Save that my soules imaginary fight
 Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view, 10
 Which like a jewell (hunge in gastly night)
 Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
 Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

How can I then returne in happy plight
 That am debar'd the benifit of rest?
 When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oprest.

26. 11. *tottered*: tatter'd-SEWELL. 26. 12. *their*: thy-MALONE.
 27. 2. *travaill*: travel-EWING. 27. 10. *their*: thy-MALONE.

SONNETS

And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
 Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toyle, the other to complaine
 How far I toyle still farther off from thee.
 I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
 And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart complexioned night, 11
 When sparkling stars twire¹ not thou guil'st th'eaven.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer,
 And night doth nightly make greefes length seeme
 stronger | ¹ *twinkle*

29

When in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
 And trouble deafe heaven with my bootlesse cries,
 And looke upon my selfe and curse my fate.
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
 With what I most injoy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state, 10
 (Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
 From sullen earth sings himns at Heavens gate,
 For thy sweet love remembred such welth brings,
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I sommon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:

28. 12. *guil'st th'eaven*: *gild'st the even*—SEWELL.

14. *length*: *strength*—DYCE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Then can I drowne an eye (un-us'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a fresh loves long since canceld woe,
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht sight.
 Then can I greeve at greevances fore-gon,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell ore 10
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

31

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there raignes Love and all Loves loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious teare
 Hath deare religious love stolne from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
 But things remov'd that hidden in there lie,
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live, 10
 Hung with the tropheis of my lovers gon,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 That due of many, now is thine alone.
 Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well contented daie,
 When that churle death my bones with dust shall cover
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survay:
 These poore rude lines of thy deceased Lover:

30. 7. *a fresh*: afresh—SEWELL.31. 8. *there*: thee—GILDON.31. 10. *tropheis*: trophies—GILDON.

SONNETS

Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And though they be out-stript by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
 Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
 Oh then voutsafe me but this loving thought,
 Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
 A dearer birth then this his love had brought 11
 To march in ranckes of better equipage:
 But since he died and Poets better prove,
 Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his love.

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soveraine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale streames with heavenly alcumy:
 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
 Stealing unseene to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow, 10
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the world may staine, when heavens sun
 stainte. |

34

Why didst thou promise such a beautilous day,
 And make me travaile forth without my cloake,
 To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke.

32. 9. *voutsafe*: *vouchsafe*—EDITION 1640.

10-14. marked as quotation: 'Had my .. his love'—MALONE.

33. 14. *stainte*: *staineth*—EDITION 1640.

'Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
 To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speake,
 That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give phisicke to my griefe,
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the losse, 10
 Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
 To him that beares the strong offenses losse.

Ah but those teares are pearle which thy love sheeds,
 And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deeds.

35

No more bee greev'd at that which thou hast done,
 Roses have thornes, and silver fountaines mud,
 Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse,
 Excusing their sins more then their sins are ;
 For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
 Thy adverse party is thy Advocate, 10
 And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
 Such civill war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessary needs must be,
 To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

36

Let me confesse that we two must be twaine,
 Although our undevide loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
 Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.

34. 12. *losse*: cross—MALONE. 34. 13. *shēds*: sheds—GILDON.
 35. 8. *their* .. *their*: thy .. thy—MALONE.

SONNETS

In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a seperable spight,
 Which though it alter not loves sole effect,
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loves delight,
 I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
 Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame, 10
 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
 Unlesse thou take that honour from thy name:
 But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight,
 To see his active childe do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more
 Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my love ingrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give, 10
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live:
 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

38

How can my Muse want subject to invent
 While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
 Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse:

37. 7. *their: thy*—MALONE. 38. 2. *breatb .. poor'st: breathe ..*
 pour'st—GILDON. 38. 3. *to: too*—EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Oh give thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thy selfe dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Then those old nine which rimers invoke, 10
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
 If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
 The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

39

Oh how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
 And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
 Even for this, let us devided live,
 And our deare love loose name of single one
 That by this seperation I may give:
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
 Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy soure leisure gave sweet leave, 10
 To entertaine the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
 By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
 What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou maist true love call,
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:

39. 12. *dost*: *doth*-MALONE.

SONNETS

Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceavest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuseth.
I doe forgive thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my poverty: 10
And yet love knowes it is a greater grieve
To beare loves wrong, then hates knowne injury.
Lascivious grace in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
Will sourely leave her till he have prevailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth, 10
Who lead thee in their ryot even there
Where thou art forst to breake a two fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

That thou hast her it is not all my grieve,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in love that touches me more neerely.

41. 8. *be: she*—MALONE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Loving offenders thus I will excuse yee,
 Thou doost love her, because thou knowst I love her,
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approove her,
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loves gaine,
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse, 10
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
 But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
 Sweete flattery, then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected,
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
 Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
 When to un-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
 By looking on thee in the living day? 10
 When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
 Through heavy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
 All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee
 me. |

44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way,
 For then dispight of space I would be brought,
 From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,

43. 11. *their: thy*—MALONE.

SONNETS

No matter then although my foote did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remoov'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jumpe both sea and land,
 As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
 But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
 To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone, 10
 But that so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend, times leasure with my mone.
 Receiving naughts by elements so sloe,
 But heavie teares, badges of eithers woe.

45

The other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, where ever I abide,
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker Elements are gone
 In tender Embassie of love to thee,
 My life being made of foure, with two alone,
 Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
 Untill lives composition be recured,
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee, 10
 Who even but now come back againe assured,
 Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
 This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
 I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
 How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,
 My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,

44. 12. comma after attend out—LINTOTT. 44. 13. *naughts*: nought—SEWELL. 45. 9. *lives*: life's—SEWELL. 45. 12. *their*: thy—MALONE.
 46. 3, 8. *their*: thy—MALONE. 46. 4. *freedome*: misprint 1Q.

SHAKE-SPEARES

My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
 (A closet never pearst with christall eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
 To side this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart, 10
 And by their verdict is determined
 The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my hearts right, their inward love of heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
 And each doth good turnes now unto the other,
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
 Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
 With my loves picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So either by thy picture or my love,
 Thy seife away, are present still with me, 10
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

48

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
 Each trifle under truest barres to thrust,
 That to my use it might un-used stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?

46. 9. *side*: 'cide—GILDON (1714). 46. 13-14. *their .. their*: thy .. thy—MALONE (1780). 47. 10. *seife*: selfe—EDITION 1640.
 47. 10. *are*: art—MALONE. 47. 11. *nor*: not—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
 Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar theefe.
 Thee have I not lockt up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feele thou art, 10
 Within the gentle closure of my brest,
 From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
 And even thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
 For truth prooves theevish for a prize so deare.

49

Against that time (if ever that time come)
 When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost summe,
 Could to that audite by advis'd respects,
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
 And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
 When love converted from the thing it was
 Shall reasons finde of setled gravitie.
 Against that time do I insconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desart, 10
 And this my hand, against my selfe upreare,
 To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
 To leave poore me, thou hast the strength of
 lawes, |
 Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

50

How heavie doe I journey on the way,
 When what I seeke (my wearie travels end)
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
 Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.

29

SHAKE-SPEARES

The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee:
 The bloody spurre cannot provoke him on,
 That some-times anger thrusts into his hide, 10
 Which heavily he answers with a grone,
 More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
 For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
 My greefe lies onward and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence,
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
 From where thou art, why should I hast me thence,
 Till I returne of posting is noe need.
 O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
 Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know,
 Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
 Therefore desire (of perfects love being made) 10
 Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,
 Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,
 Towards thee ile run, and give him leave to goe.

52

So am I as the rich whose blessed key,
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not ev'ry hower surway,
 For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.

50. 6. *duly*: *dully*—EDITION 1640.

51. 10. *perfects*: *perfect'st*—DYCE.

11. *naigh noe dull flesh in*: *neigh—no dull flesh—in*—CAMBRIDGE.

SONNETS

Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
 Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captaine Jewells in the carconet.
 So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
 Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide, 10
 To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
 By new unfoulding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you whose worthinesse gives skope,
 Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
 Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
 And you but one, can every shaddow lend:
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
 Is poorely immitated after you,
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
 Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show, 10
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all externall grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

Oh how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give,
 The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it live:
 The Canker bloomes have full as deepe a die,
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,

31

SHAKE-SPEARES

Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
 When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
 But for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade, 10
 Die to themselves. Sweet Roses doe not so,
 Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
 And so of you, beautious and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monument,
 Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Then unswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* over-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
 The living record of your memory.
 Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still finde roome,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity 11
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.
 So til the judgement that your selfe arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers eies.

56

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
 To morrow sharpned in his former might.

54. 14. *vade*: fade—GILDON.

55. 1. *monument*: monuments—MALONE.

7. *warres*: war's, colon out after burn—GILDON.

56. 3, 5. *too daie*: to-day—LINTOTT.

SONNETS

So love be thou, although too daie thou fill
 Thy hungrie eies, even till they winck with fulnesse,
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
 The spirit of Love, with a perpetual dulnesse:
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new, 10
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
 Returne of love, more blest may be the view.
 As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
 Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more
 rare: |

57

Being your slave what should I doe but tend,
 Upon the houres, and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at al to spend;
 Nor services to doe til you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
 Whilst I (my souveraine) watch the clock for you,
 Nor thinke the bitterness of absence sowre,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu.
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affaires suppose, 10
 But like a sad slave stay and thinke of nought
 Save where you are, how happy you make those.
 So true a foole is love, that in your Will,
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th'account of houres to crave,
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.

56. 9. *Intrim*: interim—LINTOTT.
 see—MALONE.

56. 11. colon out after

56. 13. *As*: Else—PALGRAVE.

57. 5. *world without end houre*: world-without-end-hour—EWING.

Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you your selfe may priviledge your time 10
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.

I am to waite though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

If their bee nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
 Which laboring for invention beare amisse
 The second burthen of a former child?

Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
 Even of five hundreth courses of the Sunne,
 Show me your image in some antique booke,
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
 That I might see what the old world could say,
 To this composed wonder of your frame, 10
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minuites hasten to their end,

58. 7. comma after patience instead of after tame—EWING.

59. 1. *their*: there—EDITION 1640.

6. *hundreth*: hundred—GILDON.

11. *where*: whether—CAMBRIDGE.

60. 1. *pibled*: pebbled—EWING.

SONNETS

Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend
 Nativity once in the maine of light.
 Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
 And delves the paralels in beauties brow, 10
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

61

Is it thy wil; thy Image should keepe open
 My heavy eielids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Jelousie?
 O no, thy love though much, is not so great,
 It is my love that keepes mine eie awake, 10
 Mine owne true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man ever for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62

Sinne of selfe-love possesseth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and al my every part;

60. 5. comma after light—GILDON. 60. 12. *sieth*: scythe—EWING.
 61. 8. *tenure*: *tenour*—MALONE. 61. 14. *of*.. *to*: off.. too—GILDON.

And for this sinne there is no remedie,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie, 10
 Mine owne selfe love quite contrary I read
 Selfe, so selfe-loving were iniquity,
 T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

Against my love shall be as I am now,
 With times injurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
 When houres have dreind his blood and fild his brow
 With lines and wrinces, when his youthfull morne
 Hath travaild on to Ages steepie night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's King
 Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
 For such a time do I now fortifie
 Against confounding Ages cruell knife, 10
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet loves beauty, though my lovers life.
 His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
 And they shall live, and he in them still greene.

64

When I have seene by times fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,

63. 3. *fld*: *fill'd*—EDITION 1640.
 5. *travaill*: *travell'd*—EWING.

SONNETS

When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
 And brasse eternall slave to mortall rage.
 When I have seene the hungry Ocean gaine
 Advantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
 And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
 Increasing store with losse, and losse with store.
 When I have seene such interchange of state,
 Or state it selfe confounded, to decay, 10
 Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weepe to have, that which it feares to loose.

65

Since brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
 But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,
 How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
 O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
 Against the wrackfull siede of battring dayes,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
 Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
 O fearefull meditation, where alack,
 Shall times best Jewell from times chest lie hid? 10
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
 Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
 O none, unlesse this miracle have might,
 That in black inck my love may still shine bright.

66

Tyr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
 As to behold desert a begger borne,
 And needie Nothing trimd in jollitie,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworne,

65. 12. *or beautie: of beauty*—MALONE.

And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
 And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill, 10
 And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
 And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
 Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that to dye, I leave my love alone.

67

Ah wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impietie,
 That sinne by him advantage should atchive,
 And lace it selfe with his societie?
 Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
 And steale dead seeing of his living hew?
 Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke
 Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true?
 Why should he live, now nature banckrout is,
 Beggerd of blood to blush through lively vaines, 10
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And proud of many, lives upon his gaines?
 O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
 In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

Thus is his cheek the map of daies out-worne,
 When beauty liv'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow:

67. 9. *banckrout*: bankrupt—GILDON.

68. 2. *dy'ed*: died—MALONE.

68. 3. *borne*: born—GILDON.

SONNETS

Before the goulden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
 To live a scond life on second head,
 Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique howers are seene,
 Without all ornament, it selfe and true, 10
 Making no summer of an others greene,
 Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

69

Those parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
 All touns (the voice of soules) give thee that end,
 Uttring bare truth, even so as foes Commend.
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
 But those same touns that give thee so thine owne,
 In other accents doe this praise confound
 By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
 They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds, 10
 Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
 To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The solye is this, that thou doest common grow.

70

That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slanders marke was ever yet the faire,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in heavens sweetest ayre.

68. 7. *scond life*: second life—EDITION 1640.

69. 3. *end*: due—2SEWELL. 69. 5. *Their*: Thy—MALONE (1790).

14. *solye*: solve—MALONE. 70. 1. *are*: art—EDITION 1640.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
 Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstayined prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
 Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd, 10
 Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,
 To tye up envy, evermore enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you looke upon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay, 10
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your love even with my life decay.
 Least the wise world should looke into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O least the world should taske you to recite,
 What merit liv'd in me that you should love
 After my death (deare love) forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove.

70. 6. *Their*: *Thy*—MALONE.
 EDITION 1640.

70. 8. *unstayined*: *unstained*—
 71. 2. *Then*: *Than*—MALONE.

SONNETS

Unlesse you would devise some vertuous lye,
 To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
 O least your true love may seeme false in this,
 That you for love speake well of me untrue, 10
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

73

That time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hange
 Upon those boughes which shake against the cold,
 Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye, 10
 As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
 This thou percev'st, which makes thy love more
 strong, |
 To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

74

But be contented when that fell arest,
 With out all bayle shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.

73. 3. *could*: *cold*—EDITION 1640. 73. 4. *rn'wd quiers*: *ru'ind*
choirs—EDITION 1640. 74. 1. colon after *contented*—MALONE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

When thou revewest this, thou doest revew,
 The very part was consecrate to thee,
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead, 10
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,
 To base of thee to be remembred,
 The worth of that, is that which it containes,
 And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
 Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by cleane starved for a looke, 10
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 Save what is had, or must from you be tooke.
 Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quicke change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new found methods, and to compounds strange?

74. 11. *wretches*: wretch's—GILDON. 74. 12. *To*: Too—GILDON.
 75. 2. *shewers*: showers—LINTOTT.

SONNETS

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keepe invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost fel my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know sweet love I alwaies write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument: 10
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending againe what is already spent:
 For as the Sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told,

77

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
 Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,
 The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will beare,
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memorie,
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
 Times theevish progresse to eternitie.
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde 10
 Those children nurst, deliverd from thy braine,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
 Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

78

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
 And found such faire assistance in my verse,
 As every *Alien* pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesie disperse.

76. 7. *fel*: tell—MALONE.

77. 1. *were*: wear—SEWELL.

77. 10. *blacks*: blanks—MALONE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
 And heavie ignorance aloft to flee,
 Have added fethers to the learneds wing,
 And given grace a double Majestie.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee, 10
 In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
 And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
 But thou art all my art, and doost advance
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy ayde,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
 And my sick Muse doth give an other place.
 I grant (sweet love) thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travaile of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
 He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
 From thy behaviour, beautie doth he give 10
 And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford
 No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
 Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay.

80

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.

78. 6. *flee*: fly (flic)—BRITISH MUSEUM 1Q.

7. *learneds*: learned'st—GILDON.

SONNETS

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest saile doth beare,
 My sawsie barke (inferior farre to his)
 On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
 Your shallowest helpe will hold me up a floate,
 Whilst he upon your soundlesse deepe doth ride, 10
 Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
 Then If he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

81

Or I shall live your Epitaph to make,
 Or you servive when I in earth am rotten,
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortall life shall have,
 Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
 The earth can yeeld me but a common grave,
 When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read, 10
 And touns to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,
 You still shall live (such vertue hath my Pen)
 Where breath most breaths, even in the mouths of
 men. |

82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their faire subject, blessing every booke.

81. 14. *breaths: breathes*-SEWELL.

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
 And do so love, yet when they have devisde,
 What strained touches Rhetorick can lend, 10
 Thou truly faire, wert truly simpathizde,
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
 And their grosse painting might be better us'd,
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your faire no painting set,
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
 The barren tender of a Poets debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you your selfe being extant well might show,
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
 This silence for my sinne you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe, 10
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tombe.
 There lives more life in one of your faire eyes,
 Then both your Poets can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that sayes most, which can say more,
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equall grew,

82. 9. comma after so—MALONE.

83. 7. to: too—GILDON.

SONNETS

Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory,
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.
 Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere. 10
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired every where.
 You to your beautious blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

My tounge-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd,
 Reserve their Character with goulden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
 And like unlettered clarke still crie Amen,
 To every Himne that able spirit affords,
 In polisht forme of well refined pen.
 Hearing you praisd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more, 10
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
 Then others, for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

Was it the proud full saile of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearse,
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?

84. 8. comma after story—LINTOTT.

86. 2. to: too—GILDON.

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
 Above a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
 Giving him ayde, my verse astonished.
 He nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, 10
 As victors of my silence cannot boast,
 I was not sick of any feare from thence,
 But when your countenance fild up his line,
 Then lackt I matter, that infeebl'd mine.

87

Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
 And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
 The Cha ter of thy worth gives thee releasing:
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that ritches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
 And so my pattent back againe is swerving.
 Thy selfe thou gav'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
 Or mee to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking, 10
 So thy great guift upon misprision growing,
 Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
 Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
 In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
 And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
 Upon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:

86. 13. *fld*: fill'd—GILDON.
 EDITION 1640.

87. 3. *Cha ter*: Charter—
 88. 1. *dispode*: disposed—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set downe a story
 Of faults conceald, wherein I am attained:
 That thou in loosing me shall win much glory:
 And I by this wil be a gainer too,
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee, 10
 The injuries that to my selfe I doe,
 Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

Say that thou didst forsake mee for some falt,
 And I will comment upon that offence,
 Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not (love) disgrace me halfe so ill,
 To set a forme upon desired change,
 As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, 10
 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,
 For I must nere love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
 Joyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:

88. 8. *shall: shalt*—SEWELL.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Ah doe not, when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
 Give not a windy night a rainie morrow,
 To linger out a purposd over-throw.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other pettie griefes have done their spight, 10
 But in the onset come, so stall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortunes might.
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.
 And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a joy above the rest,
 But these perticulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.
 Thy love is bitter then high birth to me,
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost, 10
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:
 And having thee, of all mens pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

But doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
 And life no longer then thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.

90. 11. *stall*: shall—EDITION 1640. 91. 2. *bodies*: body's—
 MALONE. 91. 9. *bitter*: better—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end,
 I see, a better state to me belongs
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie, 10
 Oh what a happy title do I finde,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
 Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband, so loves face,
 May still seeme love to me, though alter'd new:
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
 For their can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
 In manies lookes, the falce hearts history
 Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell, 10
 What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
 Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell.
 How like *Eaves* apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet vertue answeere not thy show.

94

They that have power to hurt, and will doe none,
 That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
 Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmooved, could, and to temptation slow:

93. 5. *their*: there—GILDON.
 MALONE (1790).

93. 7. *manies*: many's—
 94. 4. *could*: cold—GILDON.

SHAKE-SPEARES

They rightly do inherit heavens graces,
 And husband natures ritches from expence,
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence:
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
 Though to it selfe, it onely live and die, 10
 But if that flowre with base infection meete,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
 Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
 Oh what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee, 10
 Where beauties vaile doth cover every blot,
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
 Take heed (deare heart) of this large priviledge,
 The hardest knife ill us'd doth loose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and lesse:
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:

95. 12. *turnes: turn*—SEWELL.

SONNETS

As on the finger of a throned Queene,
 The basest Jewell wil be well esteem'd:
 So are those errors that in thee are seene,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate. 10
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state?
 But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a Winter hath my absence beene
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
 What freezings have I felt, what darke daies seene?
 What old Decembers barenesse every where?
 And yet this time remov'd was sommers time,
 The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,
 But hope of Orphans, and un-fathered fruite, 10
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute.
 Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
 That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

98

From you have I beene absent in the spring,
 When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
 That heavie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.

96. 11. *mighst*: *mightst*—LINTOTT.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
 Could make me any summers story tell:
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
 Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose, 10
 They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:
 Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
 Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
 As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

The forward violet thus did I chide,
 Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that
 smels |
 If not from my loves breath, the purple pride,
 Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
 In my loves veines thou hast too grosely died;
 The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjerom had stolne thy haire,
 The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
 Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
 A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both, 10
 And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
 But for his theft in pride of all his growth
 A vengfull canker eate him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

Where art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
 To speake of that which gives thee all thy might?

98. 9. *Lillies*: lily's—COLLIER. 11. *weare*: were—EDITION 1640.

99. 3-4. question-mark after *breath*, out after *dwells*—GILDON.

5. *died*: dyed—GILDON.

9. *Our*: One—GILDON.

SONNETS

Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
 Darkning thy powre to lend base subjects light.
 Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
 In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
 Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise resty Muse, my loves sweet face surway,
 If time have any wrinkle graven there, 10
 If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
 And make times spoiles dispised every where.
 Give my love fame faster then time wasts life,
 So thou prevenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

101

Oh truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
 So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
 Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
 But best is best, if never intermixt.
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee, 10
 To make him much out-live a gilded tombe:
 And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
 To make him seeme long hence, as he shoves now.

102

My love is strengthned though more weake in see-
 ming |
 I love not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare,

100. 14. *prevenst*: prevent'st—GILDON. *sieth*: scythe—EWING.

101. 2. *di'd*: dyed—GILDON.

SHAKE-SPEARES

That love is marchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming,
 The owners tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
 Then when her mournfull himns did hush the night, 10
 But that wild musick burthens every bow,
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

A lack what poverty my Muse brings forth,
 That having such a skope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Then when it hath my added praise beside.
 Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
 Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinfull then striving to mend,
 To marre the subject that before was well, 10
 For to no other passe my verses tend,
 Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
 And more, much more then in my verse can sit,
 Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

104

To me faire friend you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,

102. 10. *ber*: his—CAMBRIDGE.

11. *bow*: bough—GILDON.

SONNETS

Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
 Have from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,
 Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
 In processe of the seasons have I seene,
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd, 10
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand
 Hath motion, and mine eyes may be deceived.
 For fear of which, heare this thou age unbred,
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

Let not my love be cal'd Idolatrie,
 Nor my beloved as an Idoll show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kinde is my love to day, to morrow kinde,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
 Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Faire, kinde and true, is all my argument,
 Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words, 10
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Faire, kinde, and true, have often liv'd alone.
 Which three till now, never kept seate in one.

106

When in the Chronicle of wasted time,
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,
 In praise of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights,

SHAKE-SPEARES

Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique Pen would have exprest
 Even such a beauty as you maister now.
 So all their praises are but prophesies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring, 10
 And for they look'd but with devining eyes,
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:
 For we which now behold these present dayes,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack touns to praise.

107

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love controule,
 Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
 Incertenties now crowne them-selves assur'de,
 And peace proclaimes Olives of endlesse age,
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
 My love lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes, 10
 Since spight of him Ile live in this poore rime,
 While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

108

What's in the braine that Inck may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
 What's new to speake, what now to register,
 That may expresse my love, or thy deare merit?

106. 12. *still*: skill—MALONE.

108. 3. *what now*: what new—MALONE.

SONNETS

Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers divine,
 I must each day say ore the very same,
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
 So that eternall love in loves fresh case,
 Waighes not the dust and injury of age, 10
 Nor gives to necessary wrinckles place,
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

109

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:
 That is my home of love, if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels I returne againe,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
 Never beleeeve though in my nature raign'd,
 All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood, 10
 That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy summe of good:
 For nothing this wide Universe I call,
 Save thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine owne thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 deare, |
 Made old offences of affections new.

SHAKE-SPEARES

Most true it is, that I have lookt on truth
 Asconce and strangely: But by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart an other youth,
 And worse essaies prov'd thee my best of love,
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
 Mine appetite I never more will grin'de 10
 On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving brest.

III

O for my sake doe you wish fortune chide,
 The guiltie goddess of my harmfull deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd,
 To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
 Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
 Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
 Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection, 10
 No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
 Nor double pennance to correct correction.
 Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
 Even that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

I 12

Your love and pittie doth th'impression fill,
 Which vulgar scandall stamp't upon my brow,
 For what care I who calles me well or ill,
 So you ore-greene my bad, my good allow?

110. 10. *grin'de*: grind—Ed. 1640.

I. *wish*: with—GILDON.

SONNETS

You are my All the world, and I must strive,
 To know my shames and praises from your tounge,
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,
 In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care
 Of others voyces, that my Adders sence, 10
 To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:
 Marke how with my neglect I doe dispençe.
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
 And that which governes me to goe about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no forme delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
 Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet-favor or deformedst creature, 10
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:
 The Croe, or Dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,
 My most true minde thus maketh mine untrue.

114

Or whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
 Drinke up the monarks plague this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,
 And that your love taught it this *Alcumie*?

112. 14. *y'are*: out—MALONE. 113. 6. *lack*: latch—MALONE (1790).

113. 13. comma after more instead of repleat—MALONE.

14. *maketh mine untrue*: makes mine eye untrue—GLOBE.

To make of monsters, and things indigest,
 Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best
 As fast as objects to his beames assemble:
 Oh tis the first, tis flatry in my seeing,
 And my great minde most kingly drinkes it up, 10
 Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greening,
 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
 If it be poison'd, tis the lesser sinne,
 That mine eye loves it and doth first beginne.

115

Those lines that I before have writ doe lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you deerer,
 Yet then my judgement knew no reason why,
 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.
 But reckoning time, whose milliond accidents
 Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong mindes to th'course of altring things:
 Alas why fearing of times tiranie,
 Might I not then say now I love you best, 10
 When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:
 Love is a Babe, then might I not say so
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

119 [116]

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 O no, it is an ever fixed marke
 That lookes on tempests and is never shaken;

119. No. corrected to 116-LINTOTT.

SONNETS

It is the star to every wandring barke,
 Whose worths unknowne, although his high be taken,
 Lov's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickles compasse come, 10
 Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out even to the edge of doome:
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse me thus, that I have scanted all,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day,
 That I have frequent binne with unknown mindes,
 And given to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
 That I have hoysted saile to al the windes
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,
 And on just prooffe surmise, accumulate, 10
 Bring me within the level of your frowne,
 But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
 Since my appeale saies I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love

118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
 With eager¹ compounds we our pallat urge, ^{1sharp}
 As to prevent our malladies unseene,
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
 Even so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;

116. 8. *worlbs* .. *bigtb*: worth's .. heighth—EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES

And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 Thus pollicie in love t'anticipate
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured, 10
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state
 Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

What potion have I drunke of *Syren* teares
 Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never?
 How have mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever?
 O benefit of ill, now I find true
 That better is, by evil still made better. 10
 And ruin'd love when it is built anew
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I returne rebukt to my content,
 And gaine by ills thrise more then I have spent.

120

That you were once unkinde be-friends mee now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
 Needes must I under my transgression bow,
 Unlesse my Nerves were brasse or hammered steele.

118. 10. comma after not instead of were—GILDON.

119. 14. *ills*: *ill*—MALONE.

SONNETS

For if you were by my unkindnesse shaken
 As I by yours, y'have past a hell of Time,
 And I a tyrant have no leasure taken
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might have remembred
 My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits, 10
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
 The humble salve, which wounded bosomes fits!
 But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom mee.

121

Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
 When not to be, receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
 For why should others false adulterat eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
 At my abuses, reckon up their owne, 10
 I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel
 By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
 Unlesse this generall evill they maintaine,
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122

Tthy guift,, thy tables, are within my braine
 Full characterd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rancke remaine

120. 6. *y'have*: *you've*—HUDSON.

121. 4. *others*: *others'*—MALONE.

12. semicolon after *shown*—SEWELL.

122. 1. *Tthy guift,,*: misprints 1Q. only.

Beyond all date even to eternity.
 Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
 Have facultie by nature to subsist,
 Til each to raz'd oblivion yeeld his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be mist:
 That poore retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy deare love to skore, 10
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receave thee more,
 To keepe an adjunckt to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

123

No! Time, thou shalt not bost that I doe change,
 Thy pyramyds buylt up with newer might
 To me are nothing novell, nothing strange,
 They are but dressings of a former sight:
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
 What thou dost foyst upon us that is ould,
 And rather make them borne to our desire,
 Then thinke that we before have heard them tould:
 Thy registers and thee I both defie,
 Not wondring at the present, nor the past, 10
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye,
 Made more or les by thy continuall hast:
 This I doe vow and this shall ever be,
 I will be true dispyght thy syeth and thee.

124

Yf my deare love were but the childe of state,
 It might for fortunes basterd be unfathered,
 As subject to times love, or to times hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.

123. 7. *borne*: *born*—GILDON. 123. 14. *syetb*: *scythe*—EWING.

SONNETS

No it was buylded far from accident,
 It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto th'inviting time our fashion calls:
 It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,
 Which workes on leases of short numbred howers, 10
 But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
 That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.
 To this I witnes call the foles of time,
 Which die for goodnes, who have liv'd for crime.

125

Wer't ought to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honoring,
 Or layd great bases for eternity,
 Which proves more short then wast or ruining?
 Have I not seene dwellers on forme and favor
 Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
 For compound sweet; Forgoing simple savor,
 Pittifull thrivors in their gazing spent.
 Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblacion, poore but free, 10
 Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutuall render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd *Informer*, a trew soule
 When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O thou my lovely Boy who in thy power,
 Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
 Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st,
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.

124. 13. *foles*: fools (fooles)—EDITION 1640. 125. 4. *proves*:
 prove—2SEWELL. 125. 7. semicolon out after *sweet*—MALONE.
 126. 3. *shou'st*: show'st—MALONE.

SHAKE-SPEARES

If Nature (soveraine misteres over wrack)
 As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
 She keepe thee to this purpose, that her skill.
 May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
 Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
 She may detaine, but not still keepe her trespure! 10
 Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
 And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

()

127

In the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
 Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
 But now is blacke beauties successive heire,
 And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,
 For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
 Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
 But is prophand, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my Misteresse eyes are Raven blacke,
 Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme 10
 At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
 Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,
 Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
 That every tounge saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike musike playst,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
 The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,

126. 5. *misteres*: mistress—MALONE. 126. 7. period out after
 skill—LINTOTT. 126. 8. *mynuit*: minutes—MALONE.
 127. 2. *weare*: were—EDITION 1640. 127. 7. *boure*: bower—
 EDITION 1640. 127. 9. *Misteresse*: Mistress'—SEWELL.

SONNETS

Do I envie those Jackes that nimble leape,
 To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poore lips which should that harvest reape,
 At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tikled they would change their state,
 And situation with those dancing chips, 10
 Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
 Making dead wood more blest then living lips,
 Since sausie Jackes so happy are in this,
 Give them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

Th'expençe of Spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, blouddy full of blame,
 Savage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
 Injoyed no sooner but dispised straight,
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,
 On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
 Made In pursut and in possession so,
 Had, having, and in quest, to have extreame, 10
 A blisse in prooffe and proud and very wo,
 Before a joy proposd behind a dreame,
 All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

130

My Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
 If snowe be white, why then her breasts are dun:
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:

128. 14. *their: thy*—GILDON. 129. 9. *Made: Mad*—GILDON.

129. 10. comma after *have* instead of *quest*—MALONE.

11. *proud and very: proved* (prov'd), a *very*—MALONE.

130. 2. *Currall: Coral*—GILDON.

SHAKE-SPEARES

I have seene Roses damaskt, red and white,
 But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
 Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
 I love to hear her speake, yet well I know,
 That Musick hath a farre more pleasing sound: 10
 I graunt I never saw a goddesse goe,
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.
 And yet by heaven I thinke my love as rare,
 As any she beli'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
 For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Jewell.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love grone;
 To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face, 10
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
 Thy blacke is fairest in my judgements place.
 In nothing art thou blacke save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slaunder as I thinke proceeds.

132,

Thine eies I love, and they as pittying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners bee,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine,

132. 2. *torment*: torments—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

And truly not the morning Sun of Heaven
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
 Nor that full Starre that ushers in the Eaven
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:
 O let it then as well beseeme thy heart 10
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
 And sute thy pittie like in every part.
 Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
 For that deepe wound it gives my friend and me;
 I't not ynough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be.
 Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
 And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
 Of him, my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:
 Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
 But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale, 10
 Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
 Thou canst not then use rigor in my Jale.
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

So now I have confest that he is thine,
 And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
 My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kinde,

He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use, 10
 And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,
 So him I loose through my unkinde abuse.
 Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,
 He paies the whole, and yet I am not free.

135

Who ever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*
 And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in over-plus,
 More then enough am I that vexe thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
 Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
 And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
 The sea all water, yet receives raine still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store, 10
 So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
 One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkinde, no faire beseechers kill,
 Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

If thy soule check thee that I come so neere,
 Sweare to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,
 And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,
 Thus farre for love, my love-sute sweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 I fill it full with wils, and my will one,

135. 2. too: to—SEWELL.

136. 4. commas after love-suit and sweet—MALONE.

SONNETS

In things of great receipt with ease we proove,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me passe untold,
 Though in thy stores account I one must be, 10
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,
 That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lovest me for my name is *Will*.

137

Thou blinde foole love, what doost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold and see not what they see:
 They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partiall lookes,
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tide?
 Why should my heart thinke that a severall plot,
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not 11
 To put faire truth upon so foule a face,
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my love sweares that she is made of truth,
 I do beleeeve her though I know she lyes,
 That she might thinke me some untutered youth,
 Unlearned in the worlds false subtilties.
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,

136. 10. *stores: stores'*—MALONE.

Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress:
 But wherefore sayes she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
 O loves best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love, loves not t'have yeares told.
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

O call not me to justifie the wrong,
 That thy unkindnesse layes upon my heart,
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tounge.
 Use power with power, and slay me not by Art.
 Tell me thou lov'st else-where; but in my sight,
 Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might
 Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee ah my love well knowes,
 Her prettie lookes have beene mine enemies, 10
 And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
 That they else-where might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
 Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

Be wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
 My tounge tide patience with too much disdaine:
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
 If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
 Though not to love, yet love to tell me so,

138. 12. *t'have*: to have—PASS. PILG.

140. 5. *weare*: were—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
 No newes but health from their Phisitions know
 For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee, 10
 Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
 Madde slanderers by madde eares beleevd be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belyde,
 Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe
 wide. |

141

In faith I doe not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they dispise,
 Who in dispiht of view is pleasd to dote.
 Nor are mine eares with thy touns tune delighted,
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five sences can
 Diswade one foolish heart from serving thee, 10
 Who leaves unswai'd the likencsse of a man,
 Thy proud hearts slave and vassall wretch to be:
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

142

Love is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
 Hate of my sinne, groundd on sinfull loving,
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
 And thou shalt finde it merrits not reprooving,
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seald false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robd others beds revenues of their rents.

Be it lawfull I love thee as thou lov'st those,
 Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee, 10
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
 Thy pittie may deserve to pittied bee.
 If thou doost seeke to have what thou doost hide,
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

143

Loe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
 One of her fethered creatures broake away,
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
 To follow that which flies before her face:
 Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind, 10
 But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
 And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.
 So will I pray that thou maist have thy *Will*,
 If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and dispaire,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still,
 The better angell is a man right faire:
 The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.
 To win me soone to hell my femall evill,
 Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a divel:
 Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.

143. 12. comma after *part*—EDITION 1640.144. 6. *sigbt*: *side*—PASS. PILG.

VONNETS

And whether that my angel be turn'd side,
 I trust I may yet see clearly side,
 But being torn from the heart to heart friend,
 I prove one angel in an others side.
 Yet now and I can know but one in doubt,
 Till my red angel be my good one out.

10

145

I have the first love's hand did make,
 Sweet's love the second that said I hate,
 To me that angel's love for sake.
 But when she saw my sinful state,
 Straight in her heart did prove some,
 Crying that angel that love sweet,
 Was once a goodly game some.
 And though I was a new to prove:
 I have the third with an end,
 That love'd I as a game some,
 Dost follow eyes who like a hand
 From heaven to hell a game some.
 I have, from her away she went,
 And now I am the loving one out.

10

146

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
 My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
 With so large cost having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

144. 1. *finde: fend* (*send*);—PAM. PRIG. 145. 7. *dime: doom*
 1645.

146. 2. *My sinfull earth:* omitted and *elision* shown, making line
 thus: ... these rebel powers that thee array—CAMBRIDGE.

Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
 Eate up thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
 Then soule live thou upon thy servants losse,
 And let that pine to aggravat thy store; 10
 Buy tearmes divine in selling houres of drosse:
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

My love is as a feaver longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 Th'uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
 My reason the Phisition to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
 Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
 And frantick madde with ever-more unrest, 10
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
 At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
 For I have sworne thee faire, and thought thee
 bright, |
 Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight,
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
 What meanes the world to say it is not so?

147. 7. period out after approve—KNIGHT.

12. *randon*: random—EDITION 1640.

SONNETS

If it be not, then love doth well denote,
 Loves eye is not so true as all mens : no,
 How can it? O how can loves eye be true,
 That is so vext with watching and with teares? 10
 No marvaile then though I mistake my view,
 The sunne it selfe sees not, till heaven cleeres.
 O cunning love, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
 Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

149

Canst thou O cruell, say I love thee not,
 When I against my selfe with thee pertake:
 Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
 On whom frow'nt thou that I doe faune upon,
 Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
 Revenge upon my selfe with present mone?
 What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
 That is so proude thy service to dispise, 10
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
 But love hate on for now I know thy minde,
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

Oh from what powre hast thou this powerfull might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway,
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swere that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?

148. 8. mens: no: mens 'No'—GLOBE.

Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I heare and see just cause of hate, 10
 Oh though I love what others doe abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
 If thy unworthinesse raisd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
 Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of love,
 Then gentle cheater urge not my amisse,
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe prove.
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray
 My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,
 My soule doth tell my body that he may,
 Triumph in love, flesh staies no farther reason,
 But rysing at thy name doth point out thee, 10
 As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poore drudge to be
 To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call,
 Her love, for whose deare love I rise and fall.

152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
 But thou art twice forsworne to me love swearing.
 In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
 But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
 When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,
 For all my voves are othes but to misuse thee:
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

151. 7. comma out after may—LINTOTT.

SONNETS

For I have sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
 Othes of thy love, thy truth, thy constancie, 10
 And to inlighten thee gave eyes to blindnesse,
 Or made them swere against the thing they see.
 For I have sworne thee faire: more perjurde eye,
 To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
 A maide of *Dyans* this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steepe
 In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
 Which borrowd from this holie fire of love,
 A dateless lively heat still to indure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
 Against strange malladies a soveraigne cure:
 But at thy mistres eie loves brand new fired, 10
 The boy for triall needes would touch my brest,
 I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
 And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.
 But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
 Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye.

154

The little Love-God lying once a sleepe,
 Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
 Whilst many Nymphes that vou'd chast life to keep,
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
 The fayrest votary tooke up that fire,
 Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
 And so the Generall of hot desire,
 Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.

152. 13. eye: I-SEWELL. 153. 4. could: cold-EDITION 1640.
 153. 14. eye: eyes-EDITION 1640.

SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loves fire took heat perpetuall, .10
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I prove,
Loves fire heates water, water cooles not love.

FINIS.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FROM off a hill whose concave wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Upon her head a plattid hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne, 11
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heavens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often striking undistinguisht wo, 20
In clamours of all size both high and low.

3. *doble*: double—EDITION 1640. 12. *sithed*: scythed—EWING.
14. *lettice*: lattice—2SEWELL.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Some-times her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battry to the spheres intend:
 Sometime diverted their poore balls are tide,
 To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
 Their view right on, anon their gases lend,
 To every place at once and no where fixt,
 The mind and sight distractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
 Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride; 30
 For some untuck'd descended her shev'd¹ hat.
 Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside, ¹*straw*
 Some in her threedden fillet still did bide,
 And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund² she drew,
 Of amber cristall and of bedded Jet, ²*band-basket*
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
 Like usery applying wet to wet, 40
 Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
 Where want cries some; but where excesse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sighd, tore and gave the flud,
 Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
 Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,

26. *gases*: *gazes*—EDITION 1640.

28. *commxit*: *commix'd*—EDITION 1640.

31. *shev'd*: *sheaved*—ISEWELL.

33. *threedden*: *threaden*—GILDON. 37. *bedded*: *beaded*—SEWELL.

40. *usery*: *usury*—EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

With sleided silke,¹ feate and affectedly *¹floss silk*
 Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eies, 50
 And often kist, and often gave to teare,
 Cried O false blood thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witnes doost thou beare!
 Inke would have seemd more blacke and damned heare!
 This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattell ny,
 Sometime a blusterer that the ruffle knew
 Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours observed as they flew, 60
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
 And priviledg'd by age desires to know
 In breefe the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he downe uppon his greyned bat;
 And comely distant sits he by her side,
 When hee againe desires her, being satte,
 Her greevance with his hearing to devise:
 If that from him there may be ought applied
 Which may her suffering extasie asswage
 'Tis promist in the charitie of age. 70

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
 The injury of many a blasting houre;
 Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
 I might as yet have bene a spreading flower

51. *gave*: 'gan—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Love to my selfe, and to no Love beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended, 80
That maidens eyes stucke over all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde:
For on his visage was in little drawne, 90
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet upon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like unshorne velvet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free; 100
Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, unruly though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his autoriz'd youth,
Did livery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

80. *O*: *Of*—MALONE. 95. *were*: *wear* (*weare*)—EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
 That horse his mettell from his rider takes
 Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
 makes |

And controversie hence a question takes, 110
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
 His reall habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
 All ayds them-selves made fairer by their place,
 Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
 Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
 All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
 Al replication prompt, and reason strong
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepe
 He had the dialect and different skil,
 Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
 In personal duty, following where he haunted, 130
 Consent's bewicht, ere he desire have granted,
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

112. *mannad'g*: manage—MALONE.

118. *Can*: Came—ISEWELL.

131. *Consent's*: Consents—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serve their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th'imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And laboring in mœ pleasures to bestow them, 139
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many have that never toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did,
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde, 150
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded.
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded
Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false Jewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who ever shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, advise is often seene 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keene.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curb it uppon others prooffe,

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
 For feare of harmes that preach in our behooſe;
 O appetite from judgement stand aloofe!
 The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weepe and cry it is thy laſt.

For further I could ſay this mans untrue,
 And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling, 170
 Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
 Knew vowes, were ever brokers to defiling,
 Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
 And baſtards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long upon theſe termes I held my Citty,
 Till thus hee gan beſiege me: Gentle maid
 Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pittie
 And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
 Thats to ye ſworne to none was ever ſaid, 180
 For feaſts of love I have bene call'd unto
 Till now did nere invite nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee
 Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
 Love made them not, with acture they may be,
 Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
 They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find,
 And ſo much leſſe of ſhame in me remaines,
 By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeene, 190
 Not one whoſe flame my hart ſo much as warmed,
 Or my affection put to th, ſmalleſt teene,
 Or any of my leiſures ever Charmed,

164. *seemes*: *seem*—GILDON.

182. *vow*: *woo*—DYCE.

192. *th*: *the*—EDITION 1640.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

Harme have I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd moof,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents¹ of their heir, ¹*loquets*
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht² ²*enwoven*
I have receav'd from many a several faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stones deare Nature, worth and quallity. 210

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his invis'd³ properties did tend, ³*invisible*
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heaven hewd Saphir and the Opall blend
With objects manyfold; each severall stone,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not, 220
But yeeld them up where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender:

197. *beare*: here—EDITION 1640. 198. *palyd*: *paled*—MALONE.
204. *beir*: *hair* (*haire*)—EDITION 1640. 208. *tb'*: *the*—MALONE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter, you enpatrone me.

Oh then advance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes under you, and to your audit comes 230
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this device was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,¹
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternall love. ¹*coat of arms*

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leave,
The thing we have not, mastring what not strives, 240
Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstraind gives,
She that her fame so to her selfe contrives,
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,
The accident which brought me to her eie,
Upon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flie:
Religious love put out religions eye: 250
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

242. *giues*: *gyves*—MALONE. 252. *procure*: *procured*—GILDON.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountaines in my well:
 And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
 I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
 Must for your victorie us all congest,
 As compound love to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne, 260
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
 Beleeu'd her eies, when they t'assaile begun,
 All vowes and consecrations giving place:
 O most potentiall love, vowe, bond, nor space
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine
 For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impresses what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, 270
 Loves armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst
 shame |
 And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,
 The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
 Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
 And supplicant their sighes to you extend
 To leave the battrie that you make gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,
 And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
 That shall preferre and undertake my troth. 280

260. *Sunne*: nun-Dyce.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
Whose sightes till then were leaveld on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the streame gave grace!
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one perticular teare?
But with the inundation of the eies: 290
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Of cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and civill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore, 300
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtile matter,
Applied to Cautills, all straining formes receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaves,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceives:
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes.

297. *daft*: *daff'd*—MALONE.

303. *straining*: *strange*—EDITION 1640.

305. *sounding*: *swounding*—CAMBRIDGE.

308. *sound*: *swound*—CAMBRIDGE.

A LOVERS COMPLAINT

That not a heart which in his leuell came,
Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme, 310
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maimē
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he coverd,
That th'unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin above them hoverd, 320
Who young and simple would not be so loverd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a sake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new pervert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.

THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME

By W. Shakespeare.

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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME

WHEN my Love sweares that she is made of truth,
 I doe beleewe her (though I know she lies)
 That she might thinke me some untutor'd youth,
 Unskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,
 Although I know my yeares be past the best:
 I smiling, credite her false speaking tounge,
 Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill rest.
 But wherefore sayes my Love that she is young?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old? 10
 O, Loves best habite is a soothing tounge,
 And Age (in Love) loves not to have yeares told.
 Therfore Ile lye with Love, and Love with me,
 Since that our faults in Love thus smother'd be.

Two Loves I have, of Comfort, and Despaire,
 That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
 My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
 My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
 To winne me soone to hell, my Female evill
 Tempteth my better Angell from my side, 20
 And would corrupt my Saint to be a Divell,
 Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
 And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
 Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
 For being both to me: both, to each friend,
 I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:

Longavill's Sonnet, }
Cytherea & Adonis I }

THE PASSIONATE

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument, 30
Perswade my hart to this false perjurie:
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will prove
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40

If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his eares:
She shew'd him favors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie. 50
But whether unripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refusde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and jeast, at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.

PILGRIME

{ Berowne's Sonnet,
 { Cytherea & Adonis II

If Love make me forsworn, how shal I swere to love?
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
 Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant prove,
 those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Osiers
 bowed. | 60

Studdy his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eies,
 where all those pleasures live, that Art can comprehend:
 If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
 Wel learned is that tounge that well can thee commend,
 All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
 Thine eye Joves lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull
 thunder |

which (not to anger bent) is musick & sweet fire
 Celestiall as thou art, O, do not love that wrong:69
 To sing heavens praise, with such an earthly tounge.

Scarse had the Sunne dride up the deawy morne,
 And scarce the heard gone to the hedge for shade:
 When Cytherea (all in Love forlorne)
 A longing tariance for Adonis made
 Under an Osyer growing by a brooke,
 A brooke, where Adon usde to coole his spleene:
 Hot was the day, she hotter that did looke
 For his approch, that often there had beene.
 Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
 And stood starke naked on the brookes greene brim:80
 The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
 Yet not so wistly, as this Queene on him:

He spyng her, bounst in (whereas he stood)
 Oh Jove (quoth she) why was not I a flood?

Faire but Fickle, }
Barnfield's Sonnet {

THE PASSIONATE

Faire is my love, but not so faire as fickle.

Milde as a Dove, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty:

A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her. 90

Her lips to mine how often hath she joyned,
Betweene each kisse her othes of true love swearing:
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
Dreading my love, the losse whereof still fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were jeastings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soone as straw out burneth:
She framd the love, and yet she foyld the framing,
She bad love last, and yet she fell a turning. 100
Was this a lover, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly tuch
Upon the Lute, dooth ravish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110
Thou lov'st to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.

PILGRIME

{ Cytherea & Adonis III,
Sweet Rose

One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves Both, and both in thee remaine.

Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of love,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Dove,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes upon a steepe up hill. 120
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loves good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet Rose, faire flower, untimely pluckt, soon faded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring. 131
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs upon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why: thou lefts me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lefts me more then I did crave,
For why: I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon crave of thee, 140
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

117-18. omission of one line indicated-MALONE.

130. *faded*: *vaded*-GILDON. 137, 138. *lefts*: *leftst*-MALONE.

Griffin's Sonnet, }
Crabbed Age }

THE PASSIONATE

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a Mirtle shade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy should use like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes, 150
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short, 160
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my love my love is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepherd hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.

Beauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,

142. *with Adonis*: with young Adonis—GRIFFIN'S 'FIDESSA.'

145. *her, she fell*: her, so fell she—GRIFFIN'S 'FIDESSA.'

167. *staies*: stay'st—EWING.

PILGRIME

{ Beauty,
{ The Night of Waiting

A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud, 170

A brittle glasse, that's broken presently.

A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are seld or never found,

As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh:

As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,

As broken glasse no symant can redresse.

So beauty blemisht once, for ever lost,

In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.

Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share, 180

She had good night, that kept my rest away,

And daft me to a cabben hangde with care:

To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow

Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,

In scorne or friendship, nill I conster whether:

'Tmay be she joyd to jeast at my exile,

'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.

Wander (a word) for shadowes like my selfe, 190

As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,

My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise

Doth scite each moving scence from idle rest,

Not daring trust the office of mine eies.

177. *symant*: cement—SEWELL. 178. *once*: once's—CAMBRIDGE.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her layes were tuned like the larke.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And drives away darke dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty, 200
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished sight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sor-
row, |
For why, she sight, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To spite me now, ech minute seemes an houre,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow.

199. *darke dreaming*: dark dismal-dreaming—MALONE.

203. *sight*: sigh'd—GILDON.

206. *an houre*: a moon—MALONE.

SONNETS

TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE.

AT' LONDON

PRINTED FOR W. JAGGARD, AND ARE
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1599.

SONNETS

TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE

IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her maister, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie could
see, |

Her fancie fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtfull, that love with love did
fight |

To leave the maister lovelesse, or kill the gallant knight,
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite

Unto the silly damsell.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be used, to turne them both to gaine.
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdaine, |

11

Alas she could not helpe it.

Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gitt of learning, did beare the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.

On a day (alacke the day)
Love whose month was ever May
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseene gan passage find,

20

That the lover (sicke to death)
 Wisht himselfe the heavens breath,
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
 Ayre, would I might triumph so
 But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
 Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
 Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
 Thou for whome Jove would sweare,
 Juno but an Ethiope were
 And deny hymselfe for Jove
 Turning mortall for thy Love.

30

My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
 My Rams speed not, all is amis:
 Love is dying, Faithes defying,
 Harts nenyng, causer of this.
 All my merry Jigges are quite forgot,
 All my Ladies love is lost (god wot)
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
 There a nay is plact without remove.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
 O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
 For now I see, inconstancy,
 More in wowen then in men remaine.

40

28. *throne: thorn*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

35-8. 8 ll. ending feed not, breed not, speed not, amiss, denying, defying, renyng, this—MALONE.

37. *Love is dying: Love's denying* (Love is denying —'ENGLAND'S HELICON')—MALONE. *Faitbes: Faith's*—GILDON.

38. *nenying: renyng*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

43. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

45. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

46. *wowen: misprint for women*, 1Q.

In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I,
 Love hath forlorne me, living in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall. 50
 My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
 My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
 My curtaile dogge that wont to have plaid,
 Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.

With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
 How sighes resound through hartles ground
 Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight.

Cleare wels spring not, sweete birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not forth their die, 60
 Heard stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphes blacke peeping fearefully:
 All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines:
 All our merrie meetings on the plaines;
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead,
 Farewell sweet love thy like nere was,
 For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
 Poore Coridon must live alone,
 Other helpe for him I see that there is none. 70

47-50. 8 ll. ending mourn I, scorn I, forlorn me, thrall, bleeding, needing, speeding, gall—MALONE.

55. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

57. 2 rhymed ll.—MALONE.

59-62. 8 ll. ending spring not, sing not, bring not, dye, weeping, sleeping, peeping, fearfully—MALONE.

61. *stands*: stand—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

67. *love*: lass—MALONE. 2 ll. ending lass, was—MALONE.

68. *woe*: moan—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

69. 2 ll. ending Corydon, alone—MALONE.

When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
 And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy (party all might)
 Take counsell of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tounge with filed talke,
 Least she some subtill practise smell,
 A Cripple soone can finde a halt, 80
 But plainly say thou lovst her well,
 And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning browes be bent
 Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight.
 And twice desire yer it be day,
 That which with scorne she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and braule, and say the nay: 90
 Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say:
 Had women beene so strong as men
 In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy waies,
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,

72. *deare*: deer—GILDON.

74. *party all might*: partial might—MALONE.

82. *sale*: sell—MALONE.

84, 87. *yer*: ere—EDITION 1640

90. *the*: thee—EDITION 1612.

Where thy desart may merit praise
 By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
 The strongest castle, tower and towne,
 The goldenbullet beats it downe. 100

Serve alwaies with assured trust,
 And in thy sute be humble true,
 Unlesse thy Lady prove unjust,
 Prease never thou to chuse a new:
 When time shall serve, be thou not slacke,
 To proffer though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
 Dissembled with an outward shew;
 The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
 The Cock that treads them shall not know, 110
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to strive with men,
 To sinne and never for to saint,
 There is no heaven (by holy then)
 When time with age shall them attaint,
 Were kisses all the joyes in bed,
 One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
 Least that my mistresse heare my song, 120
 She will not stick to round me on th'are,
 To teach my tounge to be so long:
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To heare her secrets so bewraid.

104. *Prease: Press*—GILDON.

116. *shall: doth*—MALONE. 121. *on tb'are: i' the ear*—MALONE.

Marlowe's Song }
Barnfield's Song }

SONNETS TO

Live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks, 130
By shallow Rivers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A belt of straw and Ivybuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love. 140

Loves answere.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepheards tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

As it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing, 150
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring.

128. yeeld: yields—EDITION 1640.

Every thing did banish mone,
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
 Leand her breast up-till a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefullst Ditty,
 That to heare it was great Pitty,
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
 Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her so complaine, 160
 Scarce I could from teares refraine:
 For her griefes so lively showne,
 Made me thinke upon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
 None takes pittie on thy paine:
 Senselesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,
 Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead:
 All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
 All thy fellow Birds doe sing, 170
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing.
 [Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.]

Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
 Thou and I, were both beguild.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in miserie:
 Words are easie, like the wind,
 Faithfull friends are hard to find:
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:

167. *Beares: beasts*—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'
 171-2. bracketed ll.—'ENGLAND'S HELICON.'

SONNETS TO MUSICKE

But if store of Crownes be scant, 180
 No man will supply thy want
 If that one be prodigall,
 Bountifull they will him call:
 And with such-like flattering,
 Pitty but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him, they will intice.
 If to Women hee be bent,
 They have at Commaundement.
 But if Fortune once doe frowne, 190
 Then farewell his great renowne:
 They that fawnd on him before
 Use his company no more.
 Hee that is thy friend indeede,
 Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
 If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
 If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
 Thus of every griefe, in hart
 Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
 These are certaine signes, to know 200
 Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

185. marked as a quotation—MALONE.

[Concluding portion of Chester's 'Loves Martyr
or Rosalins Complaint, allegorically shadowing the
Truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix
and Turtle.']

HEREAFTER

FOLLOW DIVERSE

Poeticall Essaies on the former Sub-
ject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*.

Done by the best and chieftest of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes:

never before extant.

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight,

Sir John Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

MDCI.

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

LET the bird of lowdest lay,
On the sole *Arabian* tree,
Herauld sad and trumpet be:
To whose sound chaste wings obay.

But thou shriking harbinger,
Foule precurrer of the fiend,
Augour of the fevers end,
To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Session interdict
Every foule of tyrant wing, 10
Save the Eagle feath'red King,
Keepe the obsequie so strict.

Let the Priest in Surples white,
That defunctive Musicke can,
Be the death-devining Swan,
Lest the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st,
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

18-19. *mak'st* .. *giv'st* .. *tak'st*; *makest* .. *givest* .. *takest*—
CAMBRIDGE. 20. *Mongst*: 'Mongst—EDITION 1640.

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

Here the Antheme doth commence,
Love and Constancie is dead,
Phœnix and the *Turtle* fled,
In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loved as love in twaine,
Had the essence but in one,
Two distincts, Division none,
Number there in love was slaine.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance and no space was seene, 30
Twixt this *Turtle* and his *Queene*;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Love did shine,
That the *Turtle* saw his right,
Flaming in the *Phœnix* sight;
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the selfe was not the same:
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called. 40

Reason in it selfe confounded,
Saw Division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can so remaine.

31. *Twixt this*: 'Twixt the (thy—EDITION 1640)—MALONE.

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

Whereupon it made this *Tbrene*,¹
To the *Phœnix* and the *Dove*, 50
Co-supremes and starres of Love,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene. ¹ *dirge*

THRENOS

Beautie, Truth, and Raritie,
Grace in all simplicitie,
Here enclosde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phœnix* nest,
And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
To eternitie doth rest.

Leaving no posteritie,
Twas not their infirmitie, 60
It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this urne let those repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

